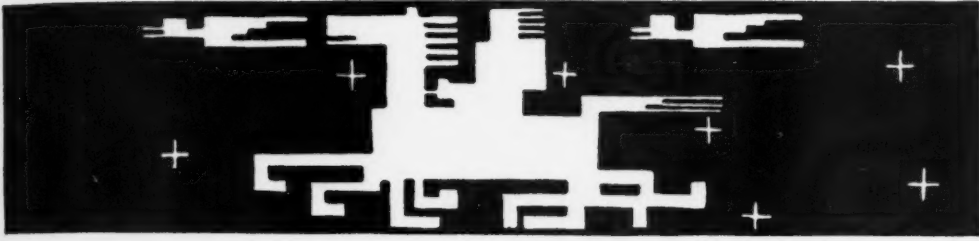


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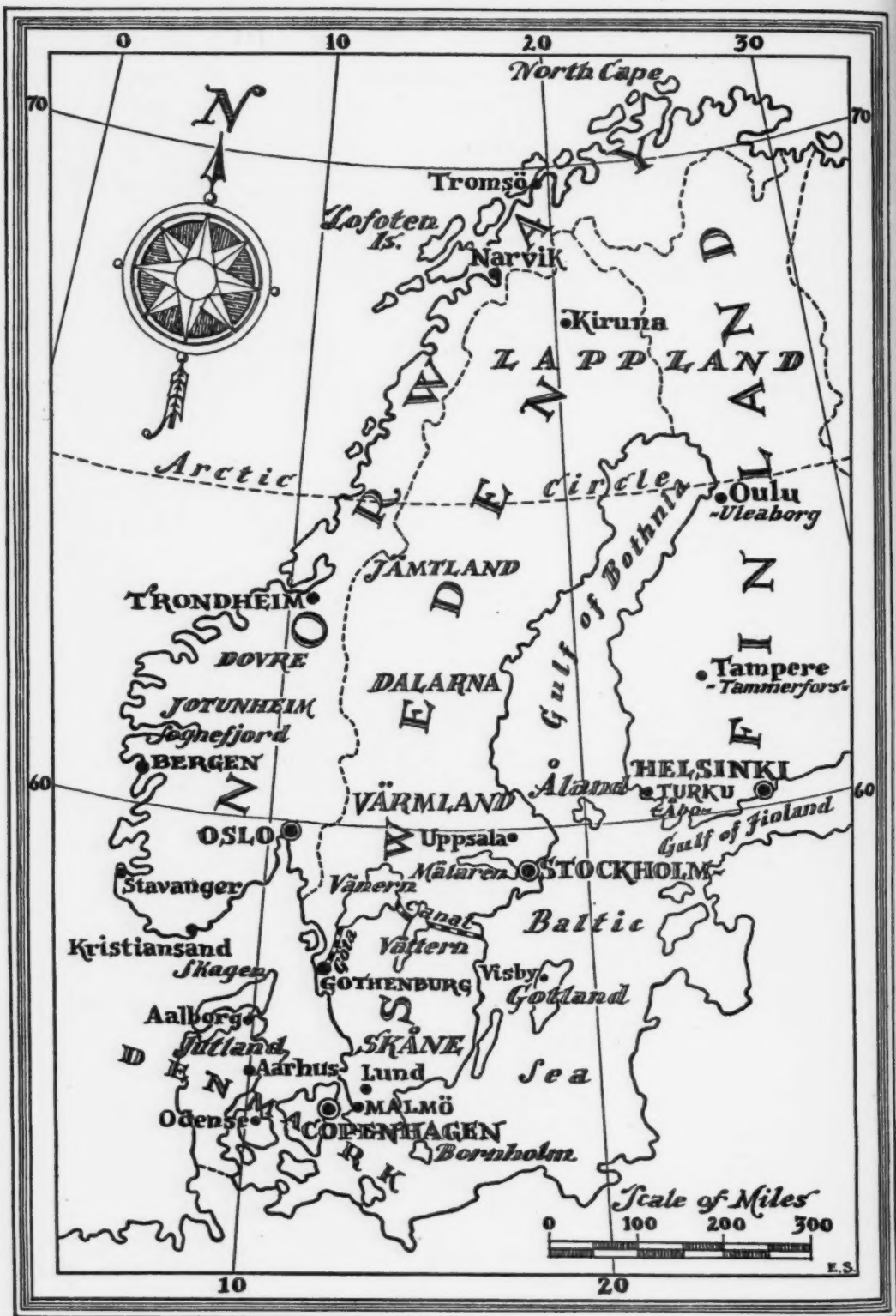
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The American-Scandinavian Review

VOLUME XXX

JUNE, 1942

NUMBER 2

Published by THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN, *Editor*

The REVIEW is published quarterly, in December, March, June, and September. Price \$2.00. Single copies 50 cents. Associates of the Foundation receive the REVIEW upon payment of membership dues.

Publication office, 41 William St., Princeton, N.J. Editorial and executive offices, 116 East 64th St., New York. All communications for publication should be addressed to the editorial office.

Entered as second class matter at the post office of Princeton, N.J., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1942 by the American-Scandinavian Foundation in the United States. Printed at the Princeton University Press.

Order the REVIEW in:

Denmark: Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, Viggo Carstensen, secretary, Frederiksholms Kanal 20, Copenhagen K.

Iceland: Islenzk-Ameríska Félagid, Ragnar Ólafsson, secretary, Reykjavík.

Norway: Norge-Amerika Fondet, Arne Kildal, secretary, Rådhusgaten, 23B, Oslo.

Sweden: Sverige Amerika Stiftelsen, Adèle Heilborn, secretary, Grevturegatan 16, Stockholm.

British Dominions: Oxford University Press, Amen House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

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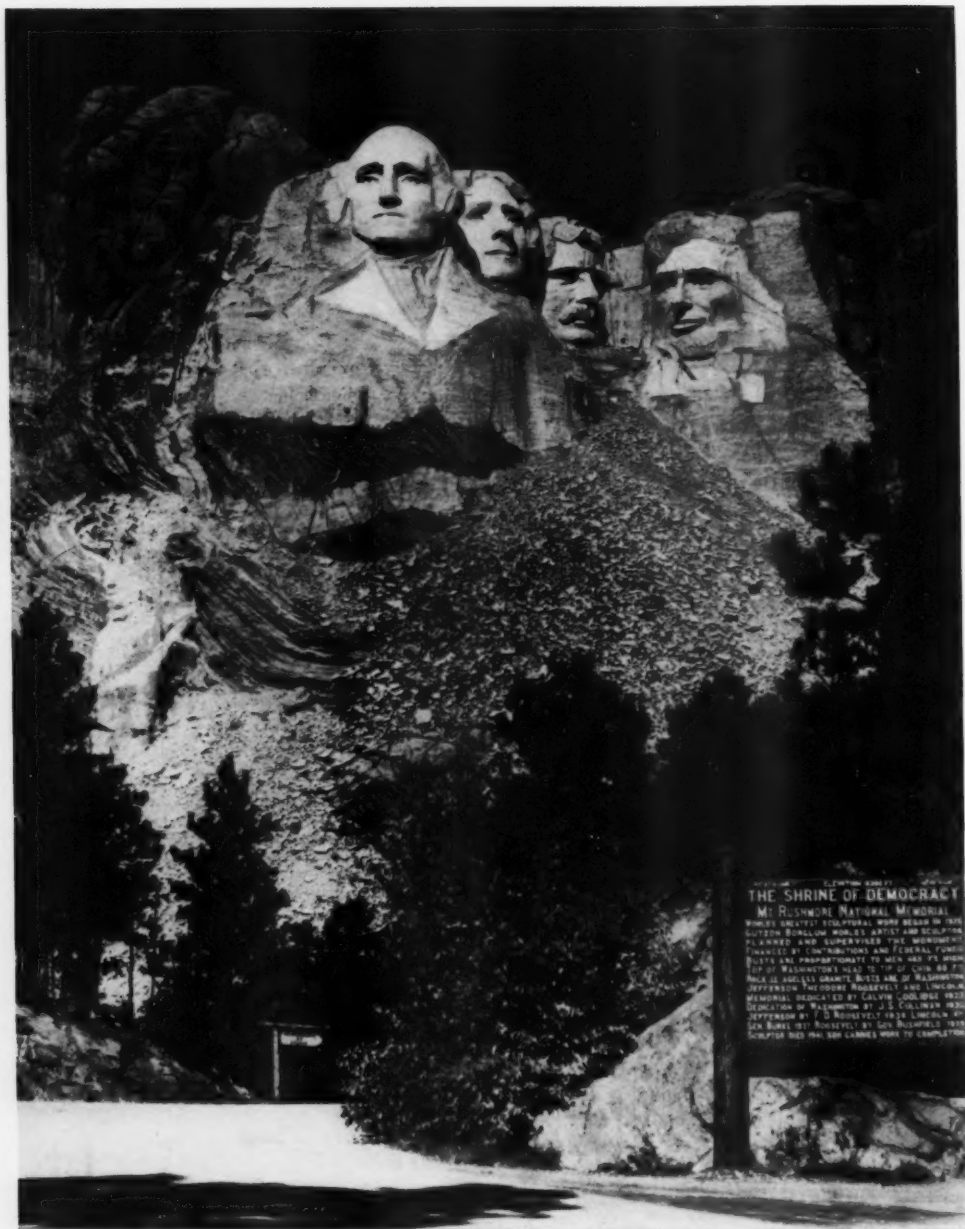
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THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

VOLUME XXX

JUNE, 1942

NUMBER 2

Back of the Yards and Back in the Mountains

BY PER G. STENSLAND

THIS IS THE STORY of two experiments in American democracy which more than anything else have shown me that the present crisis will be finally decided on the home front.

Defense and offense are realities on remote war scenes, but they are more real in cities, villages, and hamlets all over the country. In this fight for democracy it is of little value to have skilled war brains and courageous fighter-souls unless you have skilled citizen brains and courageous home-souls. It is of little value to have strong leaders of politics, science, and thinking unless the people they lead understand politics, science, and thinking. It is of little value to give fine talks on democracy from rostra unless the talks are worked out to realities in everyday life, in groups, organizations, and homes. And moreover, defense of democracy on the home front is not all that counts. Offense is needed there, as well as on the actual battle fronts. Offense for democracy! Yes, because it is not only preservation of the democracy we have that matters; it is an offensive towards a more frankly conceived and wholeheartedly realized democracy. What we need in the midst of this crisis is, as Eduard Lindeman expresses it, "not merely more, but improved democracy."

I heard the story of the two experiments while travelling around the country to investigate one of the most important home fronts, democratic adult education. They stand out in my memory because they tell in their different ways the same truth, namely that democracy is a way

of living, and not something to be preached or taught; that democracy is something to earn, and not something to inherit. They are different, yes. One is realized in the modern giant city of Chicago, the other in a remote part of the mountains in Virginia. One is a child of the world's largest stockyard district, the other of the oldest civilized part of America. One is brought to life by Poles, Lithuanians, Mexicans, Bohemians, Germans, and Irishmen, the other by descendants of some of the first English settlers in this country. Both of them have their places among the most promising representatives of American adult education. Where other types of democratic education for adults are talking democracy, they are working; where others represent traditional education, they represent untraditional. Both of them aim at "more and improved democracy" through a revitalization of the community feeling and a renaissance of cooperative thinking and action.

Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council

Some cities were born to be natural growing soil for social projects. Chicago was. A meeting point for lines of communication and trade, Chicago became the focus of political, economic, and social interests early in the history of the American Middle West. Streams of people flowed through Chicago, westward and northward; waves of immigrants drenched the streets, some settling in the city, some struggling on further. Chicago became the melting pot of the melting pot. Easterners came, and Scandinavians; Germans appeared on the scene, followed by Irishmen, Bohemians, Poles; and in changing pattern the South Europeans thronged in after them; the Jews came and the Mexicans, then the Negroes. It happened from day to day; streets changed, families moved, houses shifted type and color. It happened and still happens. Chicago is the gigantic stage of an everchanging everyman's drama. To go by street car is to pass over that fascinating stage. Filled with richness and poverty, ugliness and beauty, cleanliness and dirt, vitality and decay, it is full of vividly struggling contrasts.

Thus Chicago has drawn the interest of men and women who try to find the secrets behind human social life. It is not a coincidence that the University of Chicago has world famous departments in the Social Sciences. It is not a coincidence that Chicago is the colorful background of some of the best known social writings: Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*, James T. Farrell's *Studs Lonigan*, and Richard Wright's *Native Son*, or that it is the land of Carl Sandburg's powerful social poetry. It is not a coincidence that Chicago has seen some of the most outstanding experiments in social living take shape within its borders. Some sixty

years ago Jane Addams founded Hull House on South Halstead Street, the street of thirty-two nationalities, and after Hull House other outstanding settlements grew up in the city.

In the stockyards district of Chicago, the "Jungle" Back of the Yards, I heard the story of how men and women in the midst of a world-wide crisis fight for democracy by trying to solve their own problems. One dusky January afternoon I was introduced to the scene by Joseph T. Meegan, executive secretary of the Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council. As we drive through the streets I see the things people say are characteristic of Back of the Yards: smokestacks and church-spires, neat houses and rough shacks, broad thoroughfares and narrow alleys, bright shop districts and somber slaughterhouse fences. Some 87,000 people are living here between Archer and Ashland, Racine and Western Avenues: Poles, Lithuanians, Irishmen, Germans, Jews, and Mexicans. In that house they say that a little girl was bitten by a rat only a few weeks ago. Here they are going to have a new recreation field. In that house lives the Polish priest who went up to the Protestant minister on his twenty-fifth anniversary and gave him a gold watch. This is "Whiskey Point"—it does not deserve its name now. And there is the new chain store which was opened today—look at all the people outside!

Is this just a common picture of an afternoon in a common American neighborhood? No, it is part of an amazing story about a dying district which raised itself, about despair which was turned into hope. Of course that story has its gray details, because it happened in real life.

Three years ago this spring the people in Back of the Yards realized that they had been waiting too long for "somebody to offer a solution" of the problems of the neighborhood. The facts behind figures on a high delinquency rate, bad health conditions, and social and economic insecurity were grave and seemed to be growing worse. But the tide could be turned. There was a solution, but nobody from outside could offer it. The people had to do it themselves, by coming together in discussion and cooperative action.

High child and youth delinquency, high death rate in the slum districts, dirty alleys and deteriorating business, unemployment and economic insecurity affected everybody in Back of the Yards, laborers and business men, priests and ministers, young and old. Safer social life, better economy, less dirt and death would affect everybody, too. The problems were common, the solution must be common. This was very plain. If some interests formerly had been regarded as definitely opposed to each other, the people representing those interests could at least talk it over; the Chamber of Commerce members and the labor

leaders, the Protestants, the Jews, and the Catholics could at least meet. And they met.

They began with the plain everyday problems, Mr. Meegan says, sat down together and discussed them. And they discovered each other for the first time. It was amazing to see the Catholic priest sit together with those who were called "reds." It was amazing to hear the comments of a Catholic audience after the speech of a Protestant minister: "Imagine that he has been living here thirteen years. He is fine. And we did not even know that he lived here!" It was amazing to see groups of different interests meet, where only a few days ago suspicion and hatred had separated them. "We pulled down the barriers of impersonal hatred," as one of the leaders said. A new community feeling grew out of these meetings, and the Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council was founded. All the organizations of significance in the stockyard district entered the Council. Among the members I found the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish religious organizations, the Public Schools, the rival trade unions, the packing industry, represented by one of the biggest companies, the local Chamber of Commerce, the American Legion Post, various local charity, fraternity, and social organizations—altogether about 130 different organized groups. The latest member was the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks. A materialization of the new community feeling is the *Back of the Yards Journal*, a weekly newspaper which through the influence of the Council has been reorganized, and now is the spokesman of the neighborhood, as it is headed by a special board appointed by the Council.

Naturally enough, the programs and projects of the Council are the important outer signs of a renaissance of the Back of the Yards Neighborhood. The first characteristic of the policy is the principle of mutual help. Any important action taken by a single organization is supported by the entire Council. When Back of the Yards once had a strike, everybody backed up that strike, the Chamber of Commerce members and the Catholic priests as well as the laborers. On another occasion the churches complained about poor attendance at Sunday schools, and all the other organizations started a drive to support the churches.

First of all, the Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council is concerned about the health situation in the community. The conditions were especially dangerous to the children. Thus the Council first worked hard to get an Infant Welfare station, and, after a frank criticism of the status of sanitary and general health affairs, the station was secured. A year ago, the one-cent bottle of milk was realized; every child in the neighborhood was entitled to cheap milk, and in the summer of 1941 18,000 children were being served. Another point in the health program is the

hot lunches furnished to 1,400 children in twenty-three different centers. Here the Council cooperates with WPA and the Federal Surplus Marketing Association. Recently the leaders have been concerned about a summer camp owned by the community itself; up till now the children have been sent away to camps run by other agencies; within a short time the Council will have facilities of its own. The whole community is deeply interested in all these health projects; and letters from parents and teachers show feelings far stronger than mere appreciation.

The people Back of the Yards do not want to have dirty and littered alleys any longer, nor empty ugly spots, neglected gardens and parks; they will no longer tolerate any overcrowded houses! And now the Council is ready to outline a housing plan, lining up the strategy in "the fight against the slums." The young people will take active part in the plans; all the children in different blocks are mobilized to report on house and home conditions. This is really a people's determined offensive towards a better world.

When Joe Meegan or any other member of the Council talks about "the Park" his pride is especially marked. The Park is the great recreation field in the midst of the neighborhood. It was high time that something should be done. Decent people did not dare to go there. So the people decided to clean up the park; they came there and worked on it themselves. The open space was planted with trees. And now there is cleanliness and order on Davis Square. A big community center is built on the plot, a focus for recreational and social activities. When the question of guarding the Park came up, one of the young people said: "Don't you understand that this is our park? It is not a public park. We need no guards here!"

I asked Joe Meegan about the crucial problem of youth delinquency, and he told me that there is a considerable difference in the situation now as compared with some years ago. "The kids ran around stealing everything. We heard from outside that this was the worst district. The only thing was to get our people together to counteract all these theories about stockyards as 'bad districts.' When we looked into the problem we found that almost all the worst criminals were outsiders who came to our neighborhood because it was 'bad.' And many cases of delinquency had of course their special reasons: unemployment, bad family conditions, or other kinds of social insecurity." Then he told me about the vigorous efforts of the Council to better the employment situation for young people. In collaboration with NYA, the schools, and the Back of the Yards Youth Council, the leaders have worked out a plan for securing jobs as quickly and efficiently as possible. I

recall the title of an essay by a school pupil which won the first *Journal* prize in a contest: "What can I do to make my world a better place to live in?" One of the answers was apparently that the young people themselves should take responsibility in their world—their neighborhood. I recall, too, one of the narrow streets Joe Meegan had shown me on our ride in Back of the Yards; of the thirteen taverns and whiskey joints six had closed for lack of customers. Another sign of change in the situation is a remarkable fall in the delinquency rate.

There are still other new and daring experiments in neighborhood cooperation. One of the most interesting is the strengthening of sound economy for the community: labor organization in Unions, foundation of a credit union, plans for cooperatives, a drive for healthy private business in the shop districts. This is a common striving for a new life for a whole community. A bright example is the annual event called the Jungle Jamboree. It lasts for three days and combines a community-wide fair and a festival which calls thousands and thousands of Back of the Yards people to the Fair grounds. Through carnivals, dances, and other social activities the Council takes in \$14,000 a year. I remember a headline in the *Journal*: "Here it is, People, the Jamboree! See Democracy at play! Come to the dance!" *Democracy at play!* This is *fun* to the people Back of the Yards, it is not only serious discussion, hard work, and grave problems. It is fun to get the Council running.

Where does the education come in? In my opinion this is education all the way through. The meetings to discuss common problems, the many actions taken, and the fun of solving one's problem together is education. Naturally enough the Council supports traditional education: WPA classes are conducted, a labor school is headed by one of the Catholic priests, there are forums, Americanization classes, and social discussion groups, as well as recreation and sporting contests. The Council strengthens all these activities, but the most important education lies in the cooperative action itself. "Learning by doing" in a new variation.

The men behind the work are out Back of the Yards in Davis Square and in factories, shops, and homes around the community. The man behind the idea is Saul D. Alinsky, secretary of the Industrial Area Foundation, Chicago. Saul Alinsky is a sociologist by profession, who has given up talks about sociology for social action. He has clearly seen that community revitalization is one way of fighting for more and improved democracy, especially important in urban and industrial areas. That he has achieved neighborhood organization in Chicago, St. Paul, and Kansas City is due to his strong sense of realism in the fight



At the Community Fair Back of the Yards

for high ideals and his remarkable ability to coordinate interests in such a fight.

The significance of Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council could be stated best in these three points:

1) The people in a community have been awakened to common responsibility in a democracy of their own. The leadership is therefore indigenous and the program grows out of the soil of the people.

2) This is not a talking democracy but a working one. Practical work for a democracy of one's own gives especially the young people and many others, formerly socially uninterested, a sense of deeper social belonging.

3) Thus the Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council is an important piece of adult education. However, the education is not confined to blackboards and schoolrooms, nor to those who before came to classes or forums. It is living adult education for everyman!

Community Organization in Virginia

In May 1941, an interesting plan of democratic community work was outlined at Thomas Jefferson's University in Charlottesville, Virginia. The leader of the Extension Division, Dr. Geo. Zehmer, had

money available from a fund intended to "help people help themselves." The realistic interpretation of this rather wide statement was that efforts should be devoted to research on how communities in Virginia could help themselves through organization to attain more vital cooperative life. The task was given to Jean and Jesse Ogden, who have now been working for one year on the problem. Both of them had wide experience in adult education analysis and interpretation. Jean Carter Ogden had been the leader of Bryn Mawr Summer School for workers; Jesse Ogden, the educational director of Hull House, Chicago, for some time. Both of them were—like all good teachers—interested in people, not programs. They were excellently fitted for the task.

Three communities were chosen as experiment fields: Greene County in the northwestern corner, Louisa in the middle, and Nansemond in the southeastern corner of the State. Of these counties Nansemond is typical tidewater country, a rich industrial and rural community, with tobacco and peanuts as the main products. Louisa is a piedmont county situated on the plateau between the lowlands and the mountains, a farm community with serious problems in poor reforestation and potentially rich but steadily impoverished soil. Greene is the smallest and poorest of the three counties, and it has all the grave problems of a little mountain community isolated from the outer world.

Greene County, the scene of what is told here below, is very much like the mountain and forest communities in Sweden, such as Dalecarlia and Härjedalen. There are the small gray farms which through the ages have been sliced up into smaller and smaller plots. The one little town is there, and rising above fields and forests is the blue mountain ridge. The winding narrow road is there, the stony soil, and the high lofty sky. In this strange meeting with something familiar, I find, however, that other problems than those of the forest belt in Sweden are vital here in Greene County.

There are no railways, and the roads are poor. The contacts with the outer world are few; out of one hundred families only seven have telephones. Except for a tiny sawmill there is no industry; the main part of the population lives on mountaineer farming. That means that the typical family still bases its economy on the old *in natura* system. Per capita expenditure during a year is \$37, indicating that most of the families (the Ogdens said 70 to 75 per cent) have no cash. In most of the homes kerosene is used for lighting. The sanitary conditions are appalling. The death rate, especially among children, is very high; "there are many children and dogs. . . ." Most of the farm houses lack stoves and have only open fireplaces. They are old, unpainted, open to winds and rain. The county has one doctor and no nurses. It is impossible to

support an adequate school system; the chance of enforcing compulsory school attendance is small; the teachers have very low salaries, and the great distances between the settlements forbid any efficient concentration of classes. It was only last year that the county got a school bus! There is one high school for white children, none for Negroes; normally the high school should have 450 pupils, but only 150 can afford to attend. In the one little town, Stanardsville, 250 persons are gathered round the white-painted court house, the rest of the 5,000 inhabitants (of whom 17 per cent are Negroes) are scattered over an area of 155 square miles.

Greene County is said to have been settled in 1630 and was chartered in 1838. If Greene is old, its problems, though, have been intensified by a development which is new. They are dark results of an ominous contest between agricultural and industrial civilization, between farms and factories. The often repeated story of a community struggling against deterioration and death is told in blunt terms. If anywhere the "flight from the farm" is a reality, it is so here.

This is the background for Jean and Jesse Ogden's work. "Our task," says Jean Ogden, "is to find the techniques of helping people to help themselves. One thing was clear to us early enough, namely that the introduction to our work was to call on people to discuss their own problems, to help them to find out what the facts are behind the problems. Later on it will be their own task to choose their program for action, their leaders and their goals. We have little illusion about time. This cannot be done in a hurry. The great difficulty is to make the individuals out there sure of themselves and willing to cooperate. It even takes a kind of common social pressure to achieve this. A person must think like this: 'I've gotta do this—or else I'm out o' the picture!'"

The work began as if the Ogdens had plenty of time, and it has had to go on that way. The first meeting was a casual acquaintance with the customers in the store in Stanardsville. Jesse Ogden had his guitar with him. In the store there were four or five youngsters, two of them with guitars and one with a fiddle. They grew interested in Jesse Ogden's old English ballads. Some songs were sung, "a couple of youngsters and some oldsters joined," and finally the ice was broken. The second meeting was held in the schoolhouse. Some twenty-five old folks and masses of children came to sing, to hear ballads by Jesse Ogden, and to watch demonstration of square dances. "During the program Jean and I mingled with a few people in the crowd and talked about problems," says Jesse Ogden. Thus the two had entered the picture of Greene County, Virginia. A third meeting was called, new

interested persons gathered in the schoolhouse, and the door was open to "talk about problems."

But there was a serious break in those first chapters of a community experiment. Two groups in the county started a feud. There were two or three battles with some stabbing; lawsuits followed and the people forgot to "talk about problems." Some time thereafter the county had a typhoid epidemic, which became serious because of inexcusable sanitary conditions. Help from outside was needed again. "We had to lay off for a while, but now it is time to start anew." By their dry but warmly human words Jean and Jesse Ogden reveal that they are the right people to prepare for the solution of troublesome community planning problems.

During discussions with Greene County people and during extensive studies in the mountain region, the two have worked out a tentative plan of action. Some of the following points are still on paper, others are under way or have been accomplished:

- 1) Shops for handicraft work: woodcraft and basket-making for young men;
- 2) Shops for weaving for young women; the workshops use the still living skills in old weaving and vegetable dyeing;
- 3) A system of field courses for those who want to learn weaving, woodcarving, or metal work, the courses given by a field worker;
- 4) A library, as Greene County has none and some time ago people could not even buy a magazine there;
- 5) A community choir (already started) by which singing can help to break down the existing social barriers in the little county;
- 6) A study group for leaders of young people, for discussion of leader training, youth problems, recreation, and democratic education; a youth council;
- 7) A better system of WPA relief, as the system hitherto has not permitted half-time workers to get full WPA support; a WPA education program in agricultural subjects such as crop rotation, farm terracing, soil fertilizing;
- 8) Community canneries and refrigerators for perishable farm products, a co-operative organization for selling the products of handicraft in the community, as the professional sales organizations often systematically press down the prices, taking advantage of the families' need of cash.

"In all these plans we have to avoid the danger so common in our country, of delegating jobs from the leader down to the followers. The individual must once for all realize that he is of importance. He *can* do something. And the jobs 'the ordinary man' cannot do should be delegated from him to the leader. And we have to get rid of what I would like to call the Santa Claus complex. You cannot solve the problems of poverty by gifts from Santa Claus. That system does not build responsible democracy. The thing we have to create is a liberal-minded, whole-hearted cooperation within a community to solve its own problems." Without the big projects and the thrilling actions of the Back of

the Yards Neighborhood Council of Chicago, the leaders of Greene County community program are aiming at the same thing: indigenous leadership and practical cooperation around problems of everyday life.

As a background to the plans in Greene, Louisa, and Nansemond Counties, Jean and Jesse Ogden have made studies of various community projects in other Southeastern areas. The result is an attractive series of booklets, called the New Dominion Series and published by the Extension Division of the University of Virginia.

When Jean Ogden the last evening I was there talked to a group of youth leaders in Greene County about the formation of a Youth Council, she said: "There are two things to be done: firstly for young people to find a place in which to work for this democracy; secondly for us all to strengthen that precious feeling of *camaraderie*." She spoke for us all. Man must feel at home somewhere. Man must himself work out that home of his, called society, build it and rebuild it, in cooperation with his neighbors. If we want this or a better democracy to be ours in the future we have to create community feeling and clear the way for cooperative action. That is to say, *we have to revitalize the sense of feeling at home somewhere, with some thoughts, with some persons; and we have to reconstruct the natural system of thinking together, working together, and taking mutual responsibilities.* This is what they try to do in the Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council and in the Virginia Community projects.

The two examples of working American democracy are pointing towards a new important trend in adult education. But they are more than that. They are courageous protests against something that is too common in our modern society: the flight from realities, the flight from home, and the flight from active neighborhood spirit. Thus they are an outflowing from that strong pioneer spirit which was and is marked by realism, sense of belonging, and cooperation. And that is hopeful in these grave hours.

Per Stensland, who in this article interprets a phase of American life from a Swedish viewpoint, is a teacher in the Mora Folk High School and is studying American adult education on a Fellowship from the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

Once More Day

Denmark's Sorest Trial Six Centuries Ago

BY OSCAR OSBURN WINTHER

THE ILL-FATED DAY, April 9, 1940, when Hitler's Wehrmacht descended upon defenseless Denmark, will live eternally in the tragic annals of the Danes. To find a pall as thick and black as that which now enshrouds the ancient kingdom of Denmark one must unravel the historical thread of centuries leading back to the disordered age of feudalism. Six hundred years have passed since the

renowned King Valdemar Atterdag ended a long Interregnum when, in 1340, he ascended the empty throne of Denmark. And then, as now, the Danes had lain helpless and impoverished beneath the heel of a German conqueror.

Exactly a hundred years had then elapsed since the young pretender's ancestor Valdemar the Victorious—great both as a conqueror and a legislator—had died and, in the words of an old annalist, "the crown had fallen from the head of the Danes. From that time forth they became a laughing-stock for all their neighbors through civil wars and mutual de-



Valdemar Atterdag, from a Fresco in St. Peter's Church at Næstved

struction, and the lands which they had honorably won with their sword were not only lost but caused great disasters to the realm and wasted it."

"So many dwell in Denmark
Would all be masters there!

... ..
And therefore the land lies in peril,"

says an old ballad about the murder of King Erik Klipping in 1286. No fewer than four kings were murdered during this period, when Denmark was torn by all the political, economic, and religious forces rampant in Europe of the late Middle Ages. Royal and noble families struggled for supremacy; the revival of trade and its accompanying growth of towns made deep inroads upon Denmark's simple agrarian economy; and rulers and capitalists alike sought desperately to stem the tide of papal aggression.

Erik Klipping's son, Erik (1286-1319) surnamed Menved because he qualified everything with a "but you know," had led the fight in Denmark for monarchical absolutism against the nobles and the churchmen. For a time success was with him, and when in 1312-13 rebellious noblemen of Sjaelland and North Jutland, including the king's brother Christopher, rose in revolt against him, Erik Menved possessed the necessary strength to crush them. Many of the defeated noblemen fled, but those that were caught were put to the sword, and wholesale confiscation of holdings ensued. Erik hanged many rebellious peasants and placed added exactions upon those who escaped capital punishment. As part of his chastisement he requisitioned peasant labor for the erection of four fortified castles—Kolding, Horsens, Viborg, and Kalö—that were to stand as visible deterrents to further outbreak against his royal authority.

Erik Menved showed for a time an equal vigor in his fight against the Church which was forever meddling in affairs of state. It was Palm Sunday, April 9, 1294, that the initial blow was struck. Erik's then loyal brother, Christopher, paid a surprise visit to Roskilde Cathedral where Archbishop Jens Grand—an avowed and most dangerous enemy of the king—had been holding early morning mass. Christopher first approached the Archbishop, and in feigned friendship offered him gifts as a gesture of reconciliation, and thereupon induced the churchman to see the King in person. "Where is he?" asked the Archbishop. "He waits in the yard," replied Christopher. Warily, the prelate stepped outside, but Christopher grabbed his victim by the throat, removed his dagger (for such the Archbishop carried), and in the name of the King placed the outwitted churchman under arrest. It was with fiendish delight that Christopher then threw his captive upon a skinny horse under which the victim's feet were lashed, and in driving rain led him off to

an unlighted tower in Söborg castle where he was placed in chains and served a menu of black bread and water.

For months Jens Grand languished in his filthy prison tower where boils broke out on his undernourished body. Finally, with the help of the jailer, the unhappy prelate made his escape and went to Rome where the powerful and arrogant Pope Boniface VIII, about to issue the historic bull *Ausculta fili* proclaiming papal sovereignty over worldly rulers, lost no time in invoking the interdict of the entire Danish kingdom, followed shortly by excommunication of King Erik. The obstinate King ignored the Papal injunctions, but finally, in a letter to the Pope in 1301, begged forgiveness. "Whatever your Holiness places upon my shoulders," wrote the now humbled sovereign, "that I shall bear—however heavy it may be. What more can I say? Speak, my lord, your servant listens." To the listening ears of Erik came the request for ten thousand silver marks to be paid the Papal treasury.

Having thus lost his fight against the Church, King Erik now faced other and even more serious problems that emanated from his neighbors to the south. It must be remembered that the Europe of the age of Erik Menved was really one of great change. In the wake of the Crusades came a revival of trade. Merchants and tradesmen began to congregate in towns and became known as burghers. As their wealth increased these burghers sought to free themselves, by force of arms if necessary, from ancient baronial oppressors. Leading in this urbanization movement was Lübeck, founded in 1158. Soon the so-called Wendish towns of Wismar, Rostock, Stralsund, Kiel, and Hamburg blossomed forth. And these in turn were followed by many others, with seeming concentration in Denmark's neighboring states of Schleswig, Holstein, Mecklenburg, and Pomerania.

But here the development did not end. The burghers, and especially the tradesmen in these many rising towns, banded together into associations, or as they were then called, Hansas. The chief object of the Hansas was to further foreign trade. And so influential did they become that by the opening of the fourteenth century the Hansas had gained semi-autonomous status in marketplaces at Bergen, Novgorod, and in ports of England to which their specially built *kogge* (e.g., a cargo ship with extra-sized holds) carried their commodities of commerce. From Germany quantities of grain, iron, and other raw materials were exchanged abroad for wool, furs, fish, and manufactured articles.

To Erik Menved the Hansas were a threat, not alone to his control of Danish waters generally, but to his grip upon the vital straits of Kattegat and Skagerrak in particular. To the Hansa towns the feeling

was mutual, for they came to regard Denmark as a hindrance and a threat to their vital land routes across Holstein and the sea routes of the Baltic and North Seas. A day of reckoning was therefore at hand.

It was to these North German states and Hansa towns that the fugitive feudal noblemen turned for help. Most eager to throw down the gauntlet to the now aging King Erik was the high-handed Gerhard, a Count of Holstein, and soon foreign wars came to darken the closing years of Erik's reign. A long-suffering people, bowed down from internal strife, heavy taxes, and famine, were no even match for the German foe, and one by one the forces opposing Erik won their revenge.

The King was finally obliged to recognize Schleswig autonomy, give Holstein a mortgage deed on Fünen, and grant to the commercially minded Hansers exclusive fishing rights in the Danish waters of Scania. Thereafter these waters were patrolled by the Germans, and only on one day of each year were the Danes allowed to fish herring for the royal kitchen.

As a final token of defeat the childless King (his fourteen children having died in infancy) faced from within a resurgence of feudal power. And no sooner had the hapless Erik Menved breathed his last in 1319 than the Council of State, dominated by noblemen eager for the restoration of lost feudal privileges, proclaimed the unfaithful brother of the deceased king a successor to the vacant throne as King Christopher II.

But for this honor Christopher paid dearly, for he had been in no position to bargain for terms. Reminiscent of the English noblemen's descent upon King John at Runnymede a century earlier, Christopher was obliged to sign what might well be called the Danish *Magna Charta* (1320).

By this charter the King promised never again to arrest archbishops, nor to impose taxes upon the Church, nor in any way to interfere with its affairs. No Germans were to be employed by the King, nor be a part of his advisory council. He swore to call the Diet annually, and agreed that noblemen were to be absolved from bearing arms outside the realm, and an already impoverished would-be King had to promise to pay the ransoms of noblemen if they were taken captive in war. This marks the high point in feudal power, and the only mitigating factor present was that Christopher had not the slightest intention of keeping his promises.

Trying as had been the period of Erik Menved, the nadir of Denmark's age of gloom was yet to come. No sooner had the new reign begun than the chameleon King disavowed his oath. Dismayed noblemen

blindly rallied around Gerhard—better known as “Bald Geert”—and John, both counts of Holstein who used these men unhesitatingly to serve their own aggrandizing schemes. The German Gerhard invaded Denmark and soon put to flight the weak forces of the King, and drove the sovereign into exile. And when Christopher died in 1332 Gerhard placed his own nephew, Valdemar III, upon the vacant Danish throne, although the Count remained the real power in a Denmark that now seemed scarcely more than a geographical expression.

“Peace had come again to the country,” ironically observes one Danish historian, “but what a peace!” The oppressive rule of “Bald Geert,” like that of Hitler today, was one that left the country stripped of its material riches. His German soldiers lived off the land, while objects of art and articles of lasting value were carted off to Holstein. Ancient liberties were taken from the noblemen and peasants alike, and new and burdensome taxes made the days of Erik Menved seem prosperous and benevolent.

But conditions were destined to become still worse before the turning of the tide. Following an insurrection by a group of armed Jutlanders who killed three hundred Holsteiners gathered in Lund Cathedral, the wrath of Gerhard knew no bounds. In revenge, to use the words of a Danish historian, Gerhard’s German soldiers “ravaged the whole of Jutland with the utmost cruelty, sparing neither women nor tender children.” Determined to uproot all opposition in North Jutland, Gerhard in 1340 once again overran and set ablaze much of this beautiful countryside, including churches and cloisters. For this he used eleven thousand German troops, and at the head of four thousand of these troopers Gerhard personally marched into Randers, where an illness detained him.

What happened from this point on has provided the Danes with one of their most glorious sagas—a beacon light that in these present hours of trial might give hope and courage. From somewhere out of the region around Randers—and no one knows quite where—a liberator emerged. His name was Niels Ebbesen. Although the true identity of this man has never been definitely established, tradition has it that Ebbesen was a nobleman with moderate holdings from the Foldby district. Be that as it may, it was this Danish Robin Hood (now almost lost in glamorous legend) who with some trusted followers slew the German tyrant at Randers.

From both Jutland and Holstein have come contemporary chronicles that tell what happened. The Danish chronicle relates that on the Sunday night of April 1, 1340, Niels Ebbesen with forty-seven followers sneaked stealthily across the Gudenaa river into Randers where, by

setting a few houses afire and by beating on drums to distract the attention of the German guards, these medieval "commandos" forced their way into the Count's bedchamber and slew the cringing and cowering Gerhard, as he yelled out of a window for help and begged for his life. One of Gerhard's knights did hasten to the scene, but he too shared the fate of the Count, as did also a chaplain and his aide. Their bloody mission accomplished, Ebbesen and all but one of his men escaped over the same route by which they had entered the town.

The German chronicle agrees in essential details, but it accords Ebbesen sixty followers and adds that the Danes were dressed in German uniforms, that they pretended to be part of the night patrol, and by such reprehensible methods gained entrance to Gerhard's room where, without benefit of clergy (the attending chaplain having been killed), they slew Gerhard as he lay helpless on his sick bed.

The important fact, however, is that the tyrant was dead, and as the Danish historian A. Fabricius reflects: "Scarcely any event in our history has meant so much for the welfare of Denmark as Ebbesen's act, for never has the country been liberated from such a dangerous enemy." The gratitude of the common people is reflected in the ballad about Niels Ebbesen:

Over the bridge rode Niels Ebbeson,
For his foes came like the wind,
And it was the little foot-page
Broke down the bridge behind.

Niels Ebbeson rode to Noringsris,
And fast he spurred his steed,
Sore, good sooth, was his anguish,
And sorer still his need.

She sheltered him, an old good-wife,
Of loaves that had but two,
And she's given one to Niels Ebbeson,
Because Count Gert he slew.

A variant of the ballad ends thus:

The goose did cackle, the sheep did bleat,
And the cock on the high-loft crew,
'Twas by daylight and not in darkness
That Gert the Count they slew.

God rest thy soul, Niels Ebbeson,
All for that slaying's sake!
Full many a German in Denmark
The selfsame way shall take.*

* Translations by E. M. Smith-Dampier.

The death of Gerhard did not in itself liberate the Danes from the foreign yoke, but this event has always by them been regarded as that moment of night when the first streak of dawn came to view. As the news spread rapidly through Jutland, it became a signal for a general revolt around Ebbesen's banner. Throughout the following summer and autumn months the Germans, now under the command of Gerhard's sons, were gradually being pushed out of Jutland. Only Skanderborg Castle remained in the hands of the invader when on November 2, 1340, six hundred German ironclads broke out of their besieged position and in the fighting that ensued slew the courageous Ebbesen.

Tragic as was the loss of Niels Ebbesen, the main purpose of the revolt had been achieved. The death of Gerhard and the successful assaults upon the occupying German forces had in part paved the way for the restoration of the Danish monarchy under the leadership of the youthful Valdemar IV, youngest son of Christopher II. For years the boy Prince Valdemar had been living in exile at the court of his cousin, the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, where, in view of the death of his oldest brother and the cruel imprisonment in Holstein of Otto, the next oldest, he had become the leading pretender to the Danish throne.

In realizing his ambition, circumstances greatly favored this prince in exile. The weakened counts of Holstein were now in no position to offer great resistance to Valdemar's plans, whereas other German princes, desiring greater stability in Danish politics, gave their support to the move. Setting the stage for action, the twenty-five year old prince married Helwig, sister of the deceased Gerhard's puppet claimant to the Danish throne, and along with this union came a welcome dowry of twenty-four thousand silver marks. In addition, his older brother Otto, believed to be going insane, was forced to renounce his claims to the throne and to join the Monastic Order of German Knights, and thus the way was cleared for action. Very discreetly Valdemar refrained from taking sides in the Jutland revolt (though he doubtless welcomed it), and with the death of Ebbesen, noblemen and commoners alike welcomed with joy the accession of the Danish prince to the throne.

The rule of King Valdemar was destined to be long (1340-1375) and for many years successful, but not without its discouraging and even gloomy side. The records for these years are none too plentiful, but all testify to the vital, vigorous character of this monarch. Some accord him many of the characteristics of his crafty father (at least he never took promises seriously), while others write of him with mingled praise and blame. All agree, however, that King Valdemar had great patience and hope, and for that reason he has come to be surnamed *Atterdag*, meaning "Tomorrow another day," or "Once more day."

Heedless as King Valdemar may have been in some ways, he clung obstinately and realistically to one major purpose, and that was the restoration of a unified Denmark. He began this at the time of his marriage by inducing the counts of Holstein to trade their claims to North Jutland for his claims to the Duchy of Schleswig. He taxed heavily, but used his resources for the gradual reclaiming for the Crown of nearly the whole Jutland peninsula. Even the Church, normally at cross-purposes with ambitious monarchs, offered considerable support to the King's nationalistic program by making the King a present of the city of Copenhagen from which point Valdemar succeeded in pushing the Germans off the island of Sjaelland and thereby incorporating it into the Danish realm. Furthermore, he enriched the royal treasury by selling to the Teutonic Order his claims to the province of Esthonia, which white elephant the Danish Crown had conquered during a crusade more than a century before.

Now scarcely had this promising reign of King Valdemar Atterdag begun so favorably, when a terrible scourge known as the Black Death (*Den sorte Død*) befell all of Europe and from it Denmark did not escape. This plague first appeared in Europe in 1346, reached Denmark in 1349, and vanished again in 1350. It raged with unmitigated fury, and its toll of lives has been variously estimated as from a third to one-half of the population. From the Italian Boccaccio one learns that the disease showed itself "in a sad and wonderful manner"; that "there appeared certain tumors in the groin or under the armpits, some as big as an apple, others as big as an egg; and afterwards purple spots in most parts of the body: in some cases large and but few in number, in others less and more numerous, both kinds the usual messengers of death. . . . They generally died," adds Boccaccio, "the third day from the first appearance of the symptoms, without a fever or other bad circumstance attending." Others refer to the appearance of "black freckles" on the stricken bodies—the children being most susceptible—and for that reason this plague has been called the Black Death.

Be that as it may, the disease struck with unprecedented force in North Germany and Denmark, having supposedly been carried there from England on drifting ships laden with their cargoes of dead sailors. In Lübeck, for instance, fifteen hundred are reported to have died in a single day. Throughout Scandinavia industry and shipping reached a standstill, and in North Jutland entire families and villages were wiped out.

Throughout this devastating epidemic King Valdemar has been credited with displaying great sympathy for his people and showing disregard for his own personal safety. Politically, of course, the Black

Death had a profound effect upon the Kingdom, one very much to the King's advantage. Many of the King's personal enemies died of the disease (and for these Valdemar probably felt no regret), while a large number of estates, where death had made a clean sweep, reverted to the Crown.

With the advantages thus gained, the 1350s witnessed Valdemar's greatest attack upon those noblemen within the realm who still resisted royal authority. Weakened by the plague, and deprived of Gerhard's effective leadership, these feudal lords faced almost certain defeat. For a time, with aid from Holstein and Mecklenburg, they exercised forceful resistance, but were beaten at every turn. Finally, in the year 1360, the nobility saw no other recourse than to make their peace with the King. In a historic parliamentary session of that year a great new document known as "King Valdemar's Charter" was promulgated. Proclaimed on Palm Sunday, May 24, 1360, this momentous charter reestablished the royal courts of justice, and by it the rights of all classes—peasantry as well as clergy and nobility—were clearly defined. Feudalism was not abolished, but the principle of monarchical supremacy had thereby become a political reality. Thus by 1360 Valdemar Atterdag had reclaimed most of what was traditionally called Denmark, and he had achieved peace and quiet within its borders.

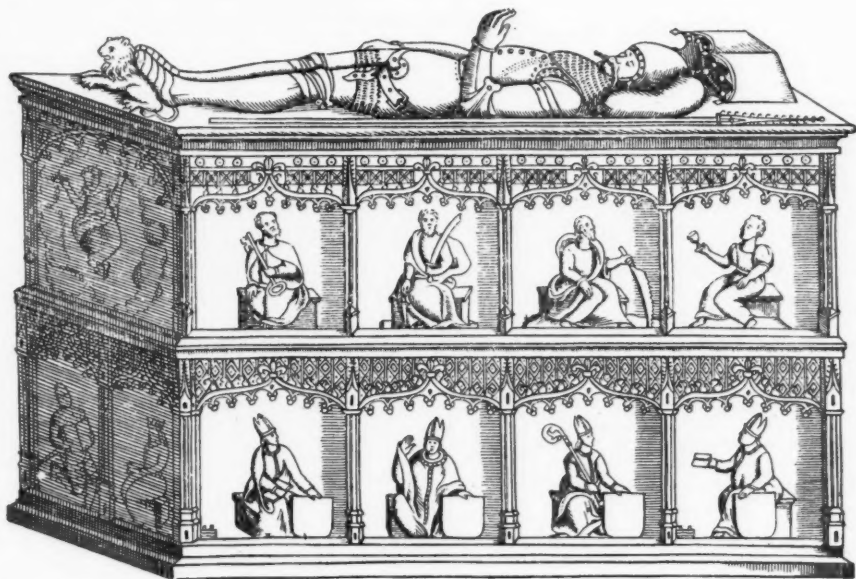
With domestic affairs thus stabilized, it is not surprising that Valdemar next turned his attention more specifically to foreign problems. Affairs in Norway had always received his careful scrutiny and his position there was strengthened by the marriage of his daughter Margaret to Norway's King Haakon VI. In 1360 he recovered from Sweden and annexed to Denmark the lost province of Scania.

Much more involved was the knotty problem of the Hansa towns which in 1358 had strengthened and reaffirmed their earlier associations by the formation of the Hanseatic League. That Danish and German commercial interests conflicted there could be no doubt, and by 1360 the League had made definite inroads into the Danish fishing waters with the result that the now powerful Valdemar showed his aggressive hand by attacking without notice and in force the Wendish town of Visby on the island of Gotland. He overwhelmed the place and returned home with considerable loot.

That such an act could not escape unnoticed by the Baltic powers goes without saying. Under the leadership of Lübeck, an enraged Hanseatic League accorded Valdemar the distinction of having no less than seventy-seven separate declarations of war descend upon him. By the League this aggressor was now referred to contemptuously as the "Danish Wolf," whereas he retaliated in this time-honored name-

calling contest (so suggestive of the present day) by dubbing the League towns the "hens."

The war that ensued proved to be more than was bargained for, in that all of Scandinavia became involved in it. While Norway was obliged to ally itself with Denmark, the states of Sweden, Mecklenburg, Schleswig, and Holstein joined the side of the League.



The Sarcophagus of Valdemar Atterdag, Which Stood in the Church at Sorö, but Has Disappeared

Once again the forces of Germany overran parts of Denmark, particularly Copenhagen; and so overwhelming did the enemy seem that in the absence of the King the Danish Council chose, on its own accord, to make peace with the Hanseatic League in the year 1370. By the terms of this peace, known as the Treaty of Stralsund, Denmark agreed to grant the League fishing rights and to relinquish for fifteen years two-thirds of the tolls gathered on the Sound between Scania and Helsingborg. Of prime importance, however, was the fact that Denmark managed to save her political autonomy.

Valdemar's days were now nearing a close. In spite of his defeat at the hands of the League, he left Denmark comparatively strong, and with most of his domestic gains intact. And for all his personal faults, King Valdemar must be regarded as one of Denmark's greatest kings. It was his country's good fortune that Valdemar's daughter, Margaret, Queen of Norway, assumed the reins of power after the King's death

in 1375. Margaret has been regarded as one of the strongest personalities of the late Middle Ages, and omitting the circumstances attending her assumption of power, one might conclude by stating that under her wise and prudent rule Denmark prospered for many years to come.

In retrospect it may be observed that Denmark's present hour of peril is not without precedent in her long history. Denmark of the late Middle Ages, like Denmark of today, had been tossed and torn upon the troubled seas of Europe. For a time, under Christopher II, it looked as if the last flickering light of Danish independence was about to be extinguished, but in that very hour when the little kingdom lay helpless beneath the tyrannical heel of Gerhard, liberation came. Will liberation once again come to Denmark, now under another tyrant's heel? To that question only the future holds the answer.

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A Knight of the Period

Two War Books

BY CARL J. HAMBRO

TWO BOOKS have recently appeared which are of particular interest to Scandinavian readers. One is a book about occupied Norway: William Woods' *The Edge of Darkness**; the other is John Steinbeck's *The Moon is Down*** which has been widely publicized as a book about the war in Norway, but in reality is entirely independent of geographical conceptions or political boundaries.

With some justification *The Moon is Down* has been called "War in Wonderland." This is a reaction to the advertising of the book, not to the book itself. The present war, and the heroic resistance in Norway, may have given Steinbeck the inspiration and the spiritual background for his book, but *The Moon is Down* is not a story of occupied Norway, or of any other occupied country; it is the story of an eternal conflict between the aggressor herd men and the free peoples, between the conquest of land and the spirit of independence. There never were any German officers in occupied countries like the men he describes; but Steinbeck has succeeded in drawing two characters that will deserve to live when most war books shall be forgotten—the old mayor of the imaginary mining town in an imaginary country, and his friend, the old doctor. As an embodiment of unpretentious, manly moral courage, and as a lovable human character, the old mayor will stand out in literature.

William Woods is not a great writer like Steinbeck, with mastery of his art, although some day he may become one; but he has a knowledge of Norway, which Steinbeck does not have, in some ways a surprising and quite intimate local knowledge; and although, like Steinbeck and like so many American authors, he is more sentimental than Scandinavians appreciate, unlike Steinbeck he has grasped something of the deadly serious tenseness in the atmosphere of an occupied country; he has realized more of the possibilities for individual personal tragedies. His book is a well built novel with a plot and a *dénouement*. Without sounding any depths of psychology, but with an instinctive feeling for the grandeur of the soul of a people in revolt against a foreign oppressor, Mr. Woods grips the full interest of the reader. His story of three months of German occupation in the small village on the northwest coast of Norway is intensely dramatic.

* *The Edge of Darkness*. Lippincott. Price \$2.50.

** *The Moon Is Down*. Viking Press. Price \$2.00.

Although Norwegians must appreciate the spirit and the intention of both books, although they may both serve the interests of Norway among Americans—there is one thing lacking in each of them. Neither Mr. Steinbeck nor Mr. Woods has experience of the cruelty of Nazi occupation, or full realization of the fact that it is not a passive pressure, but a most active attempt to crush the spirit of a nation. The Nazi forces of occupation are not content with taking coal out of the mines in an occupied country—incidentally, there are no coal mines in Norway. They try to force the whole population to accept their new order; they invade the schools and the churches; they introduce the Gestapo and the torture; they aim at perverting the minds of children, at twisting and warping the mentality and the consciences of young and old alike. In the face of facts as they are known to all the occupied countries, *The Moon is Down* and *The Edge of Darkness* are light idyls and do not give their readers any adequate idea of the dark and sinister facts of occupation. The old mayor and the doctor in Steinbeck's book are allowed to die with honor and dignity. The old schoolmaster in the novel by Woods, even if he is beaten to pulp by the German soldiers, is permitted to die in his bed. The dark cell and the torture chamber, the firing squad, the shooting of hostages, the unspeakable cruelties committed are not allowed to overshadow the idyl. If the German authorities can help it, no man is allowed to die in dignity.

The love story in *The Edge of Darkness*, as a picture of anything that is actually happening in occupied Norway, is false. Mr. Woods has made a remarkable effort to understand; but he looks at things from a great distance, he does not live them in daily danger of his soul. Still we have reason to be grateful for his attempt at an interpretation.

And in the vast realm of his imagination Steinbeck has found a pathetic metaphor which we hope may come true: The hordes of invaders are only flies conquering the fly paper. Gradually they will be caught; there will be no retreat for them. They will stick; they will die; and they will suffer the fate of any other flies that occupy the flypaper.

Carl J. Hambro, in addition to his many other activities, has long been one of the leading literary critics of Norway.



Prime Minister Nygaardsvold

Prime Minister Nygaardsvold

By A. N. RYGG

IN DEMOCRATIC America many people have the impression that only on this side of the Atlantic is it possible to rise, as Abraham Lincoln did, from a lowly origin to positions of the greatest importance in the State and nation. The other day, however, a plain, unassuming man, who in his own person carries proof that such things may take place also in Norway, came as a visitor to these shores, from London which is at present the seat of the legal Norwegian Government. It was the Prime Minister of Norway, Johan Nygaardsvold, who arrived on important business of State—the mighty United States and

little Norway now being brothers in arms—and perhaps also to seek a little respite from the heavy responsibility and unending anxiety which he has had to carry since his country was invaded by the brutal Nazi hordes two years ago.

The Prime Minister's career is, as will be seen, surrounded by an atmosphere of romance. He was born in 1879 at Hommelvik, a small place near Trondheim, as the son of a crofter. About forty years ago he was in this country, having come here as an ordinary immigrant at the age of twenty-five. He worked here, mostly in the West, as a lumberjack, in construction gangs on Jim Hill's Great Northern Railway in Montana, and in similar capacities. When he went back to Norway in 1907, it was for the purpose of returning to the United States with his wife and two children. Here fate intervened. His mother was too old to undertake the long journey, and she could not be left alone.

The result was that Norway retained a strong and vigorous personality, who was to become one of the leading politicians of the country. After a distinguished career in local politics and as a member of the Storting, he became Prime Minister in 1939. Under his leadership the Labor Party has enjoyed universal respect from all elements in the population.

Nygaardsvold is a rather tall man, broad in the beam, and with capable hands. It may well be that he has acquired some of his mental and physical strength and toughness from his labor in the forests and on the railroads of America. He inspires confidence, and for Norway in these strenuous times he has been a good and dependable leader, who has not wavered. Strong and bold, yet safe and sane, he has stood firm in adversity and has never lost sight of the time when the sun of freedom shall again shine over beautiful Norway. The Prime Minister waxes eloquent when he speaks of the splendid Norwegian merchant marine with its 25,000 sailors bearing the brunt of the battle for transportation. He is also full of pride in the Norwegian Home Front which no terror has been able to crack.

When Nygaardsvold and the Norwegian people, in the not too distant future, catch up with Quisling, the traitor and despoiler of his country, we may be sure that no quarter will be given. There is nothing the visiting statesman would like better than an attack by combined and properly equipped Norwegian and Allied forces on some point in Norway. In such an attack the flying force being trained in Toronto, and the small but compact Norwegian army which stands ready in Scotland, would play their part, and if they carried with them enough arms, they would be joined by a hundred thousand young Norwegians at home who would help to drive the brutal invaders into the sea.

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Tidende and author of Norwegians in New York.*

Bishop Eivind Berggrav

BY LEIF TOFTNER GULBANDSEN

THE CHURCH OF NORWAY today is waging a brave spiritual fight against the evil powers that want to deprive the nation of its Christian liberties and enslave its young people in Nazi doctrines and a pagan attitude toward life. The firm stand of the clergy, numbering about eleven hundred, and of the thousands of teachers in the

public and high schools and the colleges, is well known. All these courageous men and women deserve the greatest admiration from Christians the world over.

An outstanding leader in this fight is the Bishop of Oslo, Eivind Josef Berggrav, who has recently been in a concentration camp. When he was ordained bishop of Haalogaland diocese in 1929, he wrote, according to the custom of the Church at a bishop's ordination, his own biography, which was concluded with these words: "I am debtor both to the wise and to the unwise. For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."



Bishop Eivind Berggrav

Courtesy of the Norwegian Legation

Until this day he has adhered to the great apostle's testimony, and no doubt he will continue to do so.

In Bishop Berggrav's personality are combined a number of great gifts. One of the first things observed as one learns to know him is his manliness and his simple dignity. The man who is the spiritual head of the Church of Norway would be perfectly at home in a group of foresters deep in the woods, gathering with them around a campfire, smoking his pipe, and drinking black coffee. He is equally at home when he

speaks to a group of students or lectures at the University. Then his vital diction and energetic bearing are striking. Every subject he touches becomes significant in the deepest sense of the word. As a young minister and author he felt it a special task to point out the unsentimental and virile features of the Christian faith and its founder, hence his early book, *The Man Jesus*. Bishop Berggrav has always had a special ability to understand life in its different aspects and to feel its rhythm. His realistic attitude is combined with psychological insight. His scholarly production centers in the psychology of religious life. As a young man he studied the life of the soldiers at the German front during the First World War and wrote his book, *Warrior Life and Religion*. After his graduation from the University in 1908, Berggrav was awarded scholarships for study at Oxford, Cambridge, and Marburg. He received his first doctor's degree *honoris causa* in Lund, Sweden, in 1923, his second in Kiel in 1929. In 1925 he was created Doctor of Divinity at the University of Oslo on his thesis *The Threshold of Religion*, where he states that "religion is an urge to cross the borders that are put up by our natural senses."

In 1927 he wrote *Religious Feeling in a Sound Mind*, followed by *Body and Soul in Personality and Religion*. Berggrav had a great opportunity to devote himself to this field of study while he was chaplain of one of the national penitentiaries in Oslo from 1925 to 1929. During these years he enjoyed close cooperation with the physician of this prison, Dr. Johan Scharffenberg, a well-known psychiatrist, since Norway's occupation an ardent opposer of the Nazi politics. (Dr. Scharffenberg was imprisoned in the fall of 1940, as a result of his lecture in the Students' Association, "Memories from 1905," dealing with the creation of Norway as an independent kingdom.)

During this period in Oslo Bishop Berggrav made an analysis of the mentality of prisoners in the popular book, *The Soul of the Prisoner and our Own*. At the same time he lectured on religious philosophy to the students of the University, and was professor at the Theological Seminary where the future ministers of the Church are given their practical training.

Bishop Berggrav has always, from his youth and early manhood, been an ardent spokesman for a national trend in church and social life. He was born on October 25, 1884, in Stavanger, where his father, Reverend Otto Jensen, was minister. Otto Jensen died in 1918 as bishop of Hamar diocese. From his fifth to his fifteenth year Eivind Jensen (later, as a young man, he assumed the name Berggrav) lived with his parents in the wooded rural districts of southeastern Norway. Between the years 1909 and 1919 he worked as teacher and principal of

various schools, among them a Folk High School in Eidsvoll. In 1919 he became pastor at Hurdal, where he remained until 1925. Hurdal is a typical forest and farm region in eastern Norway, and Berggrav was a beloved minister and friend of the people of the woods and the picturesque valley. While in Hurdal, he worked very actively for a more genuine national trend in the spoken and written language, and his words and phrases often have a close relationship to nature and to plain everyday life, bearing witness that he is always in touch with the common man, his work and his problems.

Between 1929 and 1937 Bishop Berggrav was the administrative head of Haalogaland diocese, the northernmost part of Norway. A bishop's duties include extensive travelling the year round, and these eight years as bishop in the Land of the Midnight Sun gave him an excellent opportunity to get in contact with and to study the fishermen, the farmers, the settlers, and the nomads of the far North. Part of this population in the northernmost districts is of Mongolian origin (*Samer*), and Berggrav became, during his period as bishop, not only a beloved leader of the diocese and the clergy, but also a friend of the scattered population whose hardships and labor for daily bread he understood. He is inspired by a deep devotion to this romantic, beautiful, and strange region with its great contrasts and rapid changes of darkness and light. In his book *The Land of Tension and Surprise*, 1937, which became a best seller of the year, he gave an excellent and vivid description of this part of Norway and its population.

All these qualities embodied in Bishop Berggrav's great personality are centered in one aim which was expressed in the quotation that concluded his autobiography: "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The souls of men and their connection with the source of life in Christ has been the very foundation of all his work, as expressed in the great apostle's word: "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Since 1909 Berggrav has been Editor of the leading church periodical *Church and Culture*, which since 1940 has been in sharp opposition to the Nazis. It was in this magazine that the Norwegian Christian author, Ronald Fangen, wrote an article which resulted in his being imprisoned last year for having pointed out that Germany's leading philosopher in the Nineteenth Century was entirely against the attitude of life which is nowadays expressed in Nazism.

Bishop Berggrav's deep-rooted love for his country and his compatriots has been steadily enriched by extensive travel in Scandinavia and other European countries, and he has also for many years main-

tained personal contact with the Lutheran churches of other nations.

In his autobiography of 1929 Bishop Berggrav mentions among those who have exercised great influence in his life his father, for whom he had the greatest admiration; Reverend Erling Grönland, his friend and fellow-worker from his early days of ministry; Dr. Kristen Andersen, M.D., and his wife, née Kathrine Seip. Mrs. Berggrav is a sister of Professor Didrik Arup Seip, Rector of the University of Oslo, who recently served a term in a Nazi concentration camp in Norway.

A church leader of Bishop Berggrav's power and quality will, for a long time to come, influence and inspire Christian life in Scandinavia and other countries. His and the other clergymen's and the teachers' fight derive their strength from faith in the Kingdom of God and they are witnesses of its approaching and lasting victory. As a united front, Christians in Norway today have founded their hope and conviction on the promise of Christ: "In the world ye shall have tribulations: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

Leif Toftner Gulbrandsen is pastor of the Norwegian Seamen's Church in Brooklyn. He studied in Norway, and Bishop Berggrav has been his teacher.

Men of God

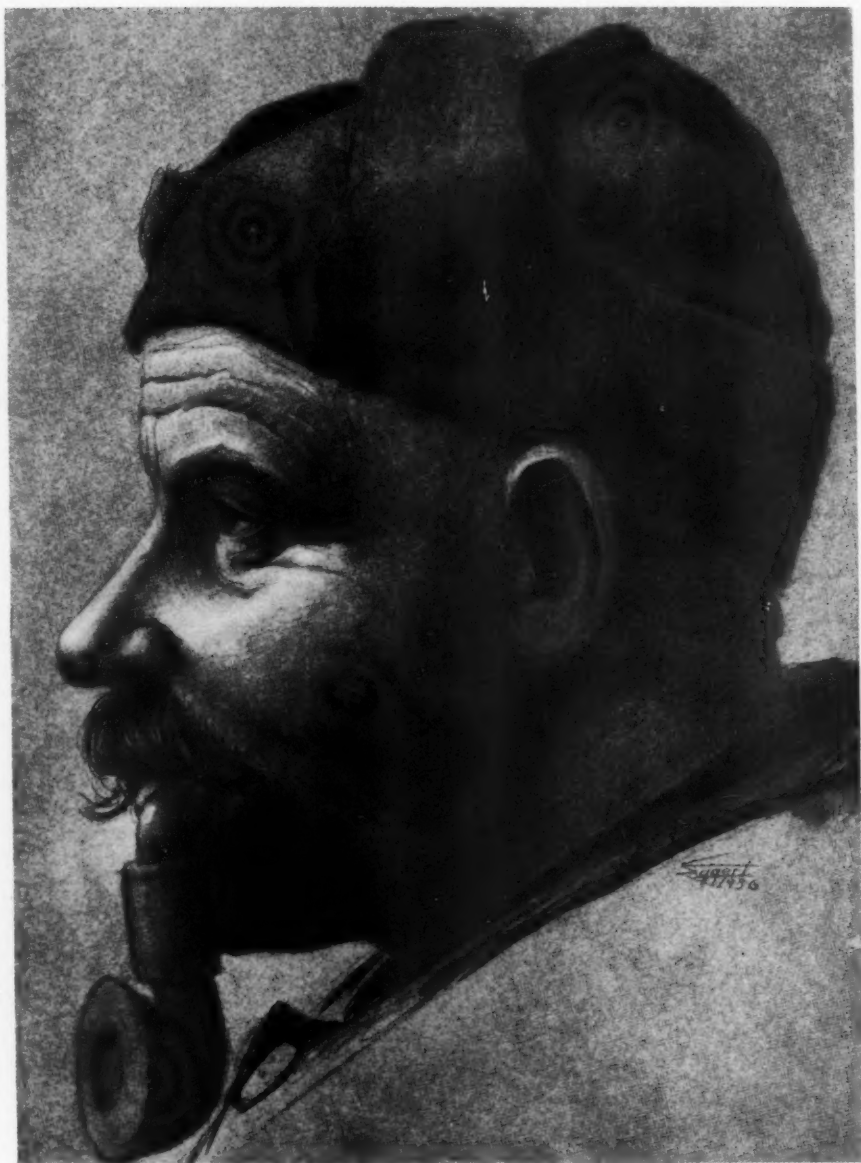
BY HOLGER LUNDBERGH

THEY challenged demons, fearless held their stand
For spirit's right and freedom in their land.
And Norway's people, over fjeld and fjord,
Echoed, "A mighty fortress is our Lord."

Reprinted from the *New York Times*

Icelandic Types

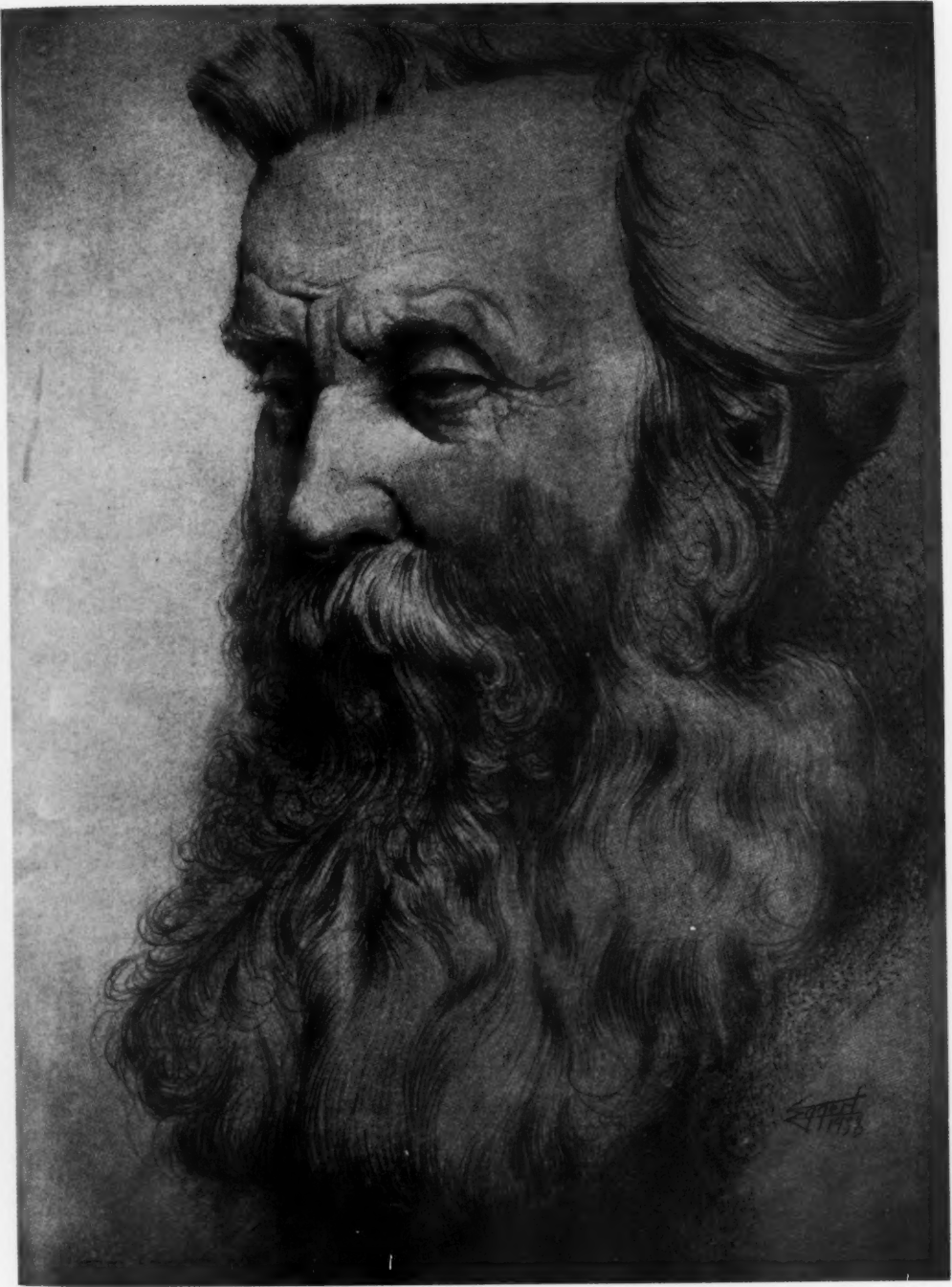
DRAWINGS BY EGGERT GUDMUNDSSON



A Sailor



An Old Fisherman



A Farmer



A Nurse



A Woman from the Coast Region

Eggert Gudmundsson is a young Icelandic artist who has studied in Denmark. He has exhibited in England and his work is represented at Leeds University.

The Truth about Swedish Concessions

BY ÅKE SANDLER

ON BOARD THE CLIPPER to Lisbon, on my way to Sweden last July, I entered into a discussion with an American journalist about the Swedish concession allowing German troops to pass through Swedish territory to Finland. The American newspaper man seemed to be quite disturbed over this "strange behavior," as he put it. Having only the official information at hand, I tried in vain to explain this "behavior." To tell the truth, I was myself so disturbed over the whole matter that I could hardly conceal my feelings, much less put up a good defense of the case. The American cynically declared that all Sweden did for the democratic cause was "a lot of useless appeasement."

I promised myself then and there to find out the truth about these concessions which seemed to be doing Sweden more harm than the Swedish authorities realized.

After seven months' stay in Sweden, I was at last able to obtain some information on the matter, sufficient to give a satisfactory explanation of the background and motives of the most startling concessions.

To Norwegians, the action of the Swedish Government in permitting German troops to go to Norway by way of Sweden was a direct unfriendly act. They did not hesitate to say so. To them the war was not finished; it was still in full swing. Under these circumstances, the Swedish concession was unforgivable. In the opinion of Norwegians, Sweden was helping Germany to win the war.

These were arguments often heard in Sweden during those critical days. How much truth was there in them?

When the Swedish Government made this important concession, it was confronted with a German demand presented in the form of an ultimatum. The war *within* Norway was for all practical purposes finished; the British had evacuated their troops, the Norwegian Government had fled to England, and the Norwegian army in Norway had ceased fighting.

Germany then demanded of the Swedish Government permission to send fresh troops through Swedish territory to Norway, apparently to be on the safe side against all possible developments. The Swedish Government, to its everlasting honor, refused to comply with this demand. A concession on this point would, in the opinion of the Gov-

ernment, have been an unfriendly act against Sweden's closest friend and neighbor.

Germany then demanded the right to send troops on leave through Sweden. This demand was granted, since it did not in any way entail the strengthening of the German position in Norway. A certain number of men were permitted to leave Norway with the understanding that the same number would return by the same route. No munitions or war equipment were to be carried on these trains. Every individual officer and soldier was registered at both terminals.

I had the opportunity of talking with a Swedish officer assigned to one of those "German" trains. He said that German officers and men were travelling each day in both directions. The trains were sealed, and the troops were not allowed to step off the train at any point on the way. They carried no guns and no munitions. The same men who left Norway returned, every single man being registered. Germany could therefore not send any fresh troops to Norway, he declared. This was last October.

I knew the officer well. He was a good friend of mine; and I knew that the first news about the concession had been just as much of a shock to him as it had been to me. I could rely on his word.

This is the truth about the concession that has stirred up so much feeling, particularly among the Norwegians.

The facts behind the other major Swedish concession, the permission for German troops to pass through Swedish territory to Finland, are not available to the same extent. The concession was made "once for all," as the Swedish Prime Minister put it, in order to maintain peace, and because the Government felt that it was a part of Sweden's old policy to help Finland. Sweden had committed herself to the aid of Finland, and could not at this time refuse the little republic the help it asked for. The request, it was pointed out, came from Finland, as well as from Germany.

To a returning newspaper man, the press situation in the home country is naturally of especial interest. I was under the impression that I should return to a Sweden where freedom of the press was a thing of the past. That was the impression I had received from all I had read and heard while in America. But I was happily surprised to find how mistaken I had been—as was also the American public. I do not hesitate to say that freedom of the press in Sweden surpasses what I have seen in other countries, including the United States. These are big words, but when a country, pressed on all sides and in constant danger of invasion, dares to print such truths as Sweden did and still does, then one may have a right to take pride in such courage. And one may add:

it is in times like these that the strength and value of liberty is tested. Sweden has stood the test in that respect.

I was myself given full freedom to write whatever I felt about the Nazi menace to Swedish democracy. My pamphlet, "Why Hitler Cannot Win," was sold to the number of 10,000 copies, and was not suppressed. Editorials were frank and outspoken, especially about Norway, and new liberal papers and magazines were started. The Swedes realized the immense value of freedom of speech.

Like most countries at war or in danger of war, Sweden has been confronted with the problem of press censorship. As the Constitution of 1810 granted freedom of the press, a censorship law could not be passed without a change of the Constitution, and such a change required the acts of two successive Riksdags between which there must be a national election. In other words, the people would have to ratify the change. This was done in the election of September 1940. The law was passed by the Riksdag, though not without opposition. It cannot be applied without a special vote with a three-fourths majority in both houses. So far it has not been used to stop publication of a single periodical.

On the other hand individual numbers of a paper, as well as books and pamphlets whose contents have been judged likely to disturb Sweden's relations with foreign powers, can be confiscated under a clause in the old law. This has occasionally been done. The recent action of the Swedish Government in confiscating seventeen papers has been much commented on even in the United States. Unfortunately American readers have received the impression that action was taken only against those papers which contained stories about German atrocities in Norway. The fact is that German-subsidized papers printing stories about Russian atrocities in the Baltic States were also confiscated. The German magazine *Signal* was confiscated and so was the pro-Nazi Stockholm evening paper *Aftonbladet*, a Kreuger tabloid. Earlier, action had been taken several times against pro-Nazi papers.

Books such as William Shirer's *Berlin Diary*, Eric Knight's *This Above All*, and most of Rauschnig's books have been translated into Swedish. Of Swedish books, Wilhelm Moberg's *Rid i natt* (Ride Tonight), a truly democratic book, became a best seller. I have never before seen such intense activity in the Swedish world of letters. The Swedes are certainly not letting themselves be fed by one-sided propaganda. They are free to choose, and they chose like true democrats.

Ake Sandler is studying International Relations at the University of Southern California, at the same time acting as correspondent for a syndicate of Swedish newspapers.

Oleana

The Story of Ole Bull's Colony in Pennsylvania

BY MORTIMER SMITH

THE FRENZIED ACCLAIM of Ole Bull's first tour of America, when he had been hailed not only as a great violinist but as something of a hero and popular idol, made it difficult for him to be satisfied with the more restrained European attitude toward his art.

When he returned to Europe early in 1846, his friends thought they detected a restlessness in the artist that was not to be satisfied by the same old round of concerts. Though he continued his career as a performer, they saw that he no longer thought of himself as primarily the musician whose chief satisfaction in life is the expression and perfecting of his art. A man of too diverse energies and interests ever to be satisfied with complete absorption in one thing, he had begun to hanker after the excitements of the world of action.

In 1846 he joined a scouting party of French officers on a trek through the Algerian desert, and during the violent street fighting in Paris which followed the revolution of 1848 he marched at the head of a group of Norwegians to the

Hôtel de Ville where he presented Lamartine with the Norwegian colors.

It was not, however, until his return to Norway late in 1848 that Bull found a cause and purpose to which he could whole-heartedly lend his restless energies. Stimulated by the wave of revolutions sweeping

sweeping over Europe, nationalism was again in the ascendancy in Norway, and the young men of the country, especially the artists, were belligerently expressing the Norwegian *motif* in their work and denouncing the government for its failure to lend support to the budding Norwegian art. The fiery Wergeland was dead, but there was a host of other figures to take up where he had left off. Along with Vinje, Gude,

Tidemand, Ivar Aasen, Asbjørnsen, and Moe, Bull plunged headlong into the agitation.

His zeal for folk culture led him to found in his home town of Bergen the first national theater in Norway. His connection with the theater lasted for two years, but finally the inability of the good burghers of Bergen always to match his



Ole Bull in 1852, Aged Forty-Two

*From a Hitherto Unpublished
Daguerreotype by Root of Philadelphia*

own rushing enthusiasm and the refusal of the Storting to grant his request for a subsidy made him determined to quit Norway again. Before he did so, however, he placed the artistic affairs of the theater in the hands of a morose youth from Christiania named Henrik Ibsen. Ole professed to see budding genius in the brooding twenty-three-year-old student, but Ibsen's five-year tenure of the theater post left the Bergen public completely indifferent to his talents.

Early in January 1852, Ole Bull sailed from Liverpool in the *Asia* bound once more for America. It was not an aimless journey devised on the spur of the moment for the relief of his disappointments over the theater. For a long time he had been nourishing an idea, an idea of such vast proportions that the scheme for the theater paled into insignificance beside it. And the proper setting for such a grandiose idea was that illimitable country toward which he now once more set his face. . . .

As an ultra-Norwegian Ole was a champion of the *bonde*. To him the true old Norway was the Norway of the simple country peasant; the people of the towns and especially the bureaucracy had the foreign taint of Copenhagen on them. At the moment Ole was especially antagonistic to this latter class for it was they who had put obstacles in the way of creating a genuine folk theater. With feelings compounded of exasperation with them and sympathy for the peasant in his ceaseless struggle with the unyielding soil of the homeland, he had conceived the idea of founding a haven for Norwegians in America. As a staunch democrat whose imagination had been fired by the current widespread anti-monarchical sentiments, he dreamed of a utopia in a new world where men could live side by side in peace and prosperity free of the pressures exerted by a military, aristocratic, or bureaucratic class. In common with other builders of democratic utopias, there was

perhaps one glaring flaw in his scheme—when he thought of the colony he thought of himself as its benevolent despot.

2.

After his arrival in America in January 1852 Bull spent a few weeks in New York renewing the friendships made during his first visit. He appeared again at the *salon* of his still ardent admirer, Anne Charlotte Lynch, and entranced her guests by an impassioned recital of his plans for the colony. In March he was in Washington where he was honored by an invitation signed by almost the whole body of senators, cabinet officers, and diplomats, to give a public concert in the capital. He responded by giving not one but two concerts, both of them brilliant events in the Washington season, although the atmosphere at one of them was slightly marred by a congressman from Alabama who shouted in the midst of one of Ole's improvisations, "None of your highfalutin, but give us Hail Columbia, and bear hard on the treble!"

Bull's closest friends in Washington were Charles Eames, a brilliant lawyer from Massachusetts who was rapidly making a name for himself in affairs in the capital, and his wife Fanny. At their house in G Street he met many of the influential men of the city, including Charles Sumner, Hamilton Fish, and the aging Henry Clay, and they listened sympathetically to his plans for establishing a new Norway. After a short concert tour with the Germania Musical Society, Bull went to White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia in the early summer, armed with letters of introduction to people who might be able to find suitable land for the colony. While there he received word from his attorney and agent, John Hopper, that he had discovered the ideal site for the project in the State of Pennsylvania.

Bull hurried to Philadelphia where Hopper introduced him to Joseph T. Bailey and John F. Cowan who hailed

from Williamsport. Mr. Cowan assured Bull that back in his part of the State, near the little town of Coudersport, Potter County, he owned a vast tract of land rich in woodland and with fertile valleys, and he proposed that Bull take a trip out there to look the place over. Bull listened to Cowan (one of the earliest super-salesmen, apparently) with mounting enthusiasm and immediately handed over fifteen hundred dollars to Cowan to finance a tour of inspection.

In a few weeks the citizens of Coudersport were amazed to read in the town paper, *The People's Journal*, that the "world famous Ole Bull" had purchased one hundred and twenty thousand acres of land from Mr. Cowan and was intending to populate it with immigrants brought over from his native Norway. Actually Bull never owned more than twelve thousand acres, although the tradition still persists that he purchased the larger acreage. The amazing thing is that he should have bought any of the land, for it was hardly the type of country favorable to the sort of agricultural community he proposed to establish. The land was situated in what was known as the West Branch country, in the southeastern corner of Potter County and running along both sides of Kettle Creek; it was at that time a country of dense and almost impenetrable forest and steep mountains wholly unsuited to farming. It would be a complete mystery why the founder of a colony should choose such a setting were not that founder Ole Bull; he seems to have fallen in love with the country at the outset because it reminded him so strongly of the topography of his native Norway—and to his impressionistic mind that seemed sufficient inducement. But it is also possible that Mr. Cowan—who was probably not too scrupulous a business man—convinced Ole Bull that this mountainous region was rich in mineral deposits. That is only a conjecture, but in substantiation of it it

is known that when Bull issued deeds to the settlers he reserved the right "to enter in and upon said premises at all times for the purpose of searching for and mining and removing any minerals found." A land strongly reminiscent of home, a vague hint of possible mineral wealth—what better reasons could Ole Bull require for the launching of a scheme that would intimidate the most practical and efficient of ordinary mortals?

Bull's visit of inspection seems to have been as short as his decision to buy was quick; and while he rushed off to New York to make arrangements for receiving immigrants for the colony, his new-found business associates repaired to Philadelphia for the purpose of organizing the venture. A colonial development company was formed with Bull as president, Cowan as superintendent and general manager, and Bailey as treasurer, Bull in the meantime having advanced twenty-five thousand dollars for capitalization.

Coudersport was next to hear of Ole Bull when he suddenly appeared in the town on Sunday, September 5th, in the company of Mr. Cowan, to be followed the next day by "thirty burly, stalwart sons of Norway." These were the advance guard, carpenters, bricklayers, and other workers, whom Ole Bull had rounded up in New York and who were to start construction of houses in expectation of the hordes of immigrants to arrive later.

On the 8th Bull and his party arrived at a point on Kettle Creek where he decided to establish the capital of his little empire. Sites for a hotel and houses were immediately selected and construction begun while Bull set off with his surveyor to find a location for his own house. Early in the afternoon preparations were begun for a ceremony of dedication, for Bull and his fellow Norwegians could not embark on such a momentous venture without marking the occasion by an outburst of true Scandinavian ceremonious pomp. A tall, straight pine was felled, the



Remains of the Retaining Wall below Ole Bull's House

Photograph by Courtesy of Carl Söyland

branches cut off and the trunk planed, with the top branches left on for decoration. This was intended for a flag pole and had no sooner been set up than a flock of birds settled in the top and began to sing. Everyone agreed that it was a good omen for the success of the colony. . . .

It fell to Rosalie Hopper, the wife of Bull's agent, to hoist the flag, a Norwegian cross superimposed on a background of the stars and stripes, and as it slowly rose to the top and was filled out by the breeze she christened the new settlement Oleana. The Norwegians, their heads bared, solemnly gave thirty-one cheers, one for each State in the Union, and then added three cheers for Ole Bull.

But the great festivities took place in the evening, when enormous bonfires were lit and the little company gathered around

the flag pole again for music and speeches. Mr. Cowan welcomed Ole Bull to "the old State of Pennsylvania" and told the men how happy they and the future settlers were going to be under a republican government with its "free Constitution and free institutions," and then introduced the hero of the occasion.

As Ole Bull stood in their midst, and with that sort of careless grace so typical of the man, poured out an impassioned and eloquent picture of their new wilderness home, it must have seemed a solemn moment to the little handful of men and yet a moment full of hope and excitement. Bull spoke of the first discovery of America by Norsemen, a subject always very dear to his heart, and then begged his listeners to prove worthy of their Norwegian heritage in their new home. "By a



Looking out over the Valley from the Elevation on Which Ole Bull's House Was Built

Photograph by Courtesy of Carl Söyland

strenuous and honorable life," he said, "you shall prove to your new brothers that they have not offered hospitality and friendship to ones unworthy of it."

In closing his speech he solemnly stated: "We are founding a New Norway, consecrated to liberty, baptized with independence, and protected by the Union's mighty flag." Then he called upon the Norwegians to swear allegiance to the new homeland, and after the pledge was made with bared heads and upraised arms, he called for his violin and far into the evening he played, his little audience completely under the spell of that magic bow. He played solemn old Norwegian hymns that brought tears to the eyes of these burly workmen, and gay little folk melodies that set them to singing and dancing. When the evening was over,

there was not a man among them who did not feel that he was embarking on the gravest and most important adventure of his life. Any venture that Ole Bull touched was bound to make men feel that way. . . .

With the opening ceremonies over, work was begun in earnest in laying out the town with Bull tirelessly watching over every detail. He selected sites for a church and schoolhouse, a tannery, a saw-mill, and on a little island in the river decided to start an experimental nursery. Finally, he found a magnificent site on top of the mountain, with a commanding view of Oleana and the entire valley, and here he instructed his own dwelling should be erected.

In a few days he was off again for New York where the emigrant ship *In-cognito* had just arrived from Christiania.

Persuaded by Bull's glowing eloquence, about one hundred of the immigrants from this ship set out for Oleana, their fares paid by the violinist. Among the passengers on the *Incognito* was a Lutheran minister, Jacob Aall Ottesen, later to become well known as a pioneer religious worker in the Norwegian settlements of Wisconsin. He and his wife set out with Bull for Oleana and later he was to describe the colonial scheme in an interesting letter to a friend at home. After describing the great activity at Oleana he explained that after the land was cleared Bull "intends selling every acre of land for three dollars during the first year, then five dollars and after that ten dollars, and expects ultimately to get the whole of this unpenetrable forest with its steep hillsides turned into arable land, inhabited by our countrymen. I must say that I advise no one to take my word for granted, as I do not yet know whether he can keep his promise and realize his great plans. . . . It appears to me that the forest is so dense and the hillsides so steep that it can scarcely become good arable land, but good only for cattle grazing, and especially good for goats. . . . I am firmly of the belief that Ole Bull means well; but he is no business man, and added thereto there are politico-democratic plans wholesale in the game also. Oleana lies sixty miles from the railway. . . ."

Pastor Ottesen, unfortunately perhaps, for he seems to have been a man of some common sense, did not remain at Oleana more than a few weeks but went on to Manitowoc in Wisconsin. He was the first and apparently the only man to hold religious services at Oleana.

3.

Late in September Ole Bull was in Philadelphia where it was his intention to apply for American citizenship. That he should do so in the routine fashion, by quietly applying for papers, was unthinkable; such an act was a solemn thing and should be marked by appropriate cere-

mony. Accordingly he requested permission to have the ceremony take place in historic Independence Hall under the statue of George Washington. In this spot on September 25th he made his application and delivered a patriotic peroration to the witnessing officials.

Rumors that Bull was intending to become an American citizen soon reached Norway and there was much severe criticism of his action, for he had always been considered one of the staunchest of Norwegian patriots. Apparently he attempted to justify his action in letters home, for A. O. Vinje wrote at the time:

"Bull himself explains the case very credibly. There is a law in Pennsylvania stating that he who owns 500 acres of land must become a citizen of the State and further remain there for a period of six years, and on the expiration of those six years he must (as is also the case here in Norway) make allegiance to the government. Bull was not aware of this before he had already purchased 125,000 acres and in order not to dismiss his settlers he was obliged to become a citizen."

Probably the laws of the State of Pennsylvania had very little to do with Bull's decision. He had a natural fondness for America (where audiences were perhaps kinder than anywhere else), a fondness stimulated by friendship with great American heroes of the day like Clay and Sumner, and it is possible his decision to become a citizen was one of those large, generous, impetuous gestures the exuberance of the moment often prompted in him. And this was one of the most exuberant periods of his life when the future seemed full of infinite possibility and excitement. Then, too, the irritation arising out of his attempt to found the theater in Bergen still rankled and made him feel momentarily out of sympathy with things at home. With the subsequent failure of the colonial scheme, his attitude towards the high privileges and benefits of American citizenship underwent a radical change. As a matter

of record, he remained to the end of his days a legal citizen of the Kingdom of Norway.

During October, Bull spent most of his time at Oleana, rising early in the morning to tour his domain on horseback, directing the work and encouraging the colonists with vivid word pictures of the utopia he was planning for them. They listened with quiet wonder to his visionary discourses and were duly impressed, but sometimes these simple peasants from home were a little puzzled by some of the great man's ideas. There was, for example, the matter of the twelve dozen high silk hats piled up on the shelves of the little store at Oleana kept by Henry Petersen who also acted as Bull's "secretary." When he was last in New York Ole had purchased these hats from Mr. Genin whose fame as a hatter was based on his reputation as the man who had paid \$250 for a single ticket for Jenny Lind's first concert in America. This high hat was a becoming style, Bull felt, and he hoped the colonists might adopt it as a sort of official headgear. It was not precisely suited to men whose job was chopping down trees and building houses; and to Bull's chagrin the twelve dozen hats remained on Henry Petersen's counter. Fifty years later, when the district around Oleana had become a great lumbering center, it was not uncommon to see a group of men gathered around the store on a Saturday evening, all wearing battered, old-fashioned high silk hats. In the first days of the lumbering boom Henry Petersen, one of the few original Oleana settlers to remain there, had auctioned off his supply of high hats to the lumberjacks who wore them for a lifetime and willed them to their sons. Perhaps some of them are still in circulation.

4.

Unlike most utopias Oleana was not founded in the interests of any definite economic, political, or philosophical the-

ories. It arose out of the laudable but extremely vague desire of Ole Bull to benefit his countrymen. To the practical business of building it out of the wilderness Ole brought abundant good will but little sound planning. While his money held out it was his aim to buy as much land as possible, build houses, mills, stores, schools—including a polytechnic high school—and then sell the land in lots to his settlers for a very low figure. While the work of clearing the land and building the houses was going on he offered to pay the workers fifty cents a day and board and lodging, and if the workers were artisans, one dollar a day and board.

Bull's position was such in Norway at this time that he had only to state his plans for the colony to have the peasants believe implicitly that they would be carried out. The simple Norwegian lower classes were ready to believe in any idea advanced by their only countryman who was known in all the courts of Europe and the cities of half the world. When the newspapers and magazines at home published reports of the founding of Oleana and of Bull's speeches, there was a great national surge of feeling among the peasants, a great stirring of desire to leave the hardships of the mother country and emigrate to the land of milk and honey where their beloved Ole had prepared a place for them. In some country districts in the Westland it was believed that one had only to board a ship for America, even if one didn't have the fare, and Ole would take care of everything at the end of the voyage. Many of the newspapers, especially those representing labor, were urging emigration at this time, and some of them were advocating Oleana as an ideal haven. These papers published not only friendly accounts of the colony but poems of praise such as the well known "Better Than Gold" with its refrain "Surely he is better than gold; you know him well; his

name is Ole Bull." Saeter girls tending their sheep and goats learned to sing of the new land and its founder, their sweet voices ringing out with "Hurrah for him, the gallant Norseman! Hurrah for him, the fiddle's master!"

If Henrik Wergeland had been living he would have been saddened by all this furore and quick to denounce it, for he hated the idea of emigration with all his being. That his old friend and fellow patriot Ole Bull—the same Bull who had so lovingly produced Wergeland's anti-emigration play *Fjeldstuen* at the Bergen theater—should be mixed up in it would have added to his melancholy. But if Wergeland was no longer there to raise the voice of caution and protest, there were others who tried to make themselves heard above the shouts of praise. Ditmar Meidell, editor of the humorous weekly *Krydseren* of Christiania, employed satire. Referring to Ole Bull's favorite theme of the Viking discovery of America, he suggested that Norway take over all of America and divide the country into such states as Oleana, Mariana, Larsiana, and Pauliana.

His most effective blow at the colony was the ballad *Oleana*—which immediately attained an immense popularity—containing innumerable verses in mock praise of the idyllic life in Ole's utopia. It was a place where the land was free, the grain popped out of the ground, the salmon leaped from the rivers into the frying pan, every man played upon the fiddle, "and little roasted piggies dash through the streets, politely inquiring if you wish some ham." With its rollicking refrain of "Ole—Ole—Ole—oh! Oleana!" which ended each verse, this satirical ballad still ranks as the most familiar of all Norwegian emigrant tunes.

Perhaps these attacks tempered the enthusiasm in Norway, for the records show that there were never more than two hundred settlers at Oleana. As the winter of 1852-53 came on, this little

group was busily engaged in carrying out Ole's plans. He was attempting to lay out four villages to be known as Oleana, New Norway, New Bergen, and Walhalla; and he had also conceived the idea of operating a foundry for the making of all the cannon used in the government fortresses. With the coming of spring these projects had made very little advance: the foundry was as yet unbuilt, and only a small group of houses, a store, a hotel, and a school had been erected as well as his own house on the mountain-top which, instead of being the castle he pictured with a hundred-foot-long music hall, was only a square box-like little wooden structure hardly more than one room wide.

Disillusion had not, however, yet set in. Encouraged and inspired by the presence of their chieftain, the colonists during the summer months were full of hope and high spirits as though the millennium was about to burst upon them. On the Fourth of July there was a huge celebration and dance and shortly thereafter Cassius M. Clay presented Ole with a fine Durham bull calf weighing eight hundred pounds as well as a Durham cow. Both events seemed somehow to be good omens for the future. And hadn't several prominent Washington friends of Bull's—the colonists told each other as they sat on the porch of the crude hotel in the evening—hadn't these great figures expressed their faith in his scheme? It was said that even President Pierce had spoken highly of it; it was well known that he was a good friend of Bull who as an ardent democrat had worked hard for his election.

This summer optimism was short-lived. In September the settlers heard the staggering news that Ole Bull had sold his land back to Cowan and had withdrawn from the colonization company as president. Affairs at Oleana became very critical indeed, as no one was able or willing to pay the workmen their salaries. Many of the colonists blamed their troubles en-

tirely on Bull and attempts were made to hold him legally responsible. In New York in October a certain Louis Löwe, a Hungarian, who claimed that Bull had hired him as manager of the Lion Tent, the hotel at Oleana, applied to the courts for payment of back salary. As Bull could not or would not pay, the court seized his violin over the protest of Bull's counsel, who insisted it was exempt as an "indispensable tool." The *Tribune* editorially deplored this act as a "profanity" and asked its readers to imagine such an "ethereal creation" as Ole Bull's fiddle in the hands of a "barbaric deputy sheriff!"

On November 2nd and 4th Bull and his protégé, the nine-year-old singer, Adelina Patti, gave concerts in Philadelphia "for the benefit of the Oleana sufferers," and later in the month he was in Washington where he again stayed with his friends the Eameses. Two concerts were given in Washington, one attended by the President, and Bull also went to the White House to play privately for Mrs. Pierce.

The colonists, however, were beyond being saved by charitable good-will. Their leader's decision to withdraw from the colony forced them to face openly the cold fact that this forest wilderness half a hundred miles from the railroad was incapable of yielding an agricultural utopia. With the dawn of the new year 1854 the weary, disillusioned Oleana settlers packed their few belongings and prepared for a hard winter's trip to Wisconsin and other lands to the westward. A few of them remained and eked out a miserable existence until spring, and a few hardy souls remained there for the rest of their lives.

5.

The collapse of Oleana gave rise to another chapter in "that delightful fairy tale of Norway which is summed up in the name of Ole Bull," to quote Edvard Grieg. A romantic tradition arose which is still widely accepted as the truth re-

garding the failure of the colony. According to this tradition Ole Bull made the crushing discovery that the title to the 125,000 acres of land he had purchased from Cowan and his associates was fraudulent and that he was actually trespassing on property that belonged to a George Stewardson, a Philadelphia Quaker. This gentleman had many times tried to inform Bull of this fact, but Bull's agent, John Hopper, who was a co-conspirator with Cowan, always intercepted the correspondence. When the news at last reached Bull, he wandered into the mountains, played through half the night in a wild fashion on his fiddle, and then broke the strings of the instrument and buried it on the hillside. The next morning he mounted his saddle horse and rode "without rest" to Philadelphia to see Hopper. The latter insisted that the weary traveller take tea and food before they discussed business, but Bull instinctively felt an aversion to the proffered repast. Some years later the sister of Hopper told Ole that her brother had confessed on his deathbed that he had poisoned the food. Bull soon discovered that Hopper and Cowan had deliberately swindled him, and although the good Quaker gentleman offered to sell Bull the land at a very low figure, he was able to buy only enough to protect the people already settled at Oleana, and found it necessary to abandon any further efforts at colonization. After the collapse of the colony his persecutors pursued him with lawsuits until he was finally reduced to abject poverty.

This tale has a nice Peer Gyntish quality, but it is almost wholly apocryphal. Ole Bull withdrew from the colony for no more complicated reason than his realization that he was unable to cope with the managerial duties of such a project. With this realization he retired as president of the colonization company and re-sold his land to Cowan. The records of Potter County, Pennsylvania,

show that that land consisted of 11,140 acres; he undoubtedly intended to purchase the larger acreage and often spoke as though it were already his. There is no reason to believe that he was legally cheated by Cowan, although it was necessary for Bull to sue that gentleman before he actually paid for the land re-sold to him. Cowan seems to have been a shrewd land speculator who always kept within the bounds of legal honesty, although there seems no reason to doubt that he misled Bull as to the value of the land in Potter County, or that Bull was the loser to the extent of many thousands of dollars, as he was the sole financial backer of the colonial company. That he was not quite penniless as the result of his venture Mrs. Eames discovered when he visited her in Washington early in 1854. Offering to help him pack his bags preparatory to leaving for California, she found casually thrown in his trunk several thousand dollar bonds, letters of exchange amounting to fifty thousand francs, and a vast quantity of jewelry including seven diamond rings, one emerald ring, three pairs of diamond earrings, a pearl necklace and several diamond and sapphire bracelets.

As to the Quaker Stewardson, he enters into the picture only as the owner of vast tracts of land adjoining Oleana. Hopper, for some years after the Oleana episode, continued to file suits against Bull for monies claimed as his legal advisor. For one who had been a bosom friend of Bull's this was perhaps ungracious conduct, but his dire villainy was probably built up out of nothing more substantial than Bull's wounded feelings.

After its collapse Ole Bull never returned to Oleana. In 1854 he went to California where his violin aroused unbounded enthusiasm in the lusty San Franciscans, and in 1855 he was involved in a short but disastrous season as manager of Italian opera in New York. In 1857 he was back in Europe, and was not to return to America for another ten years.

The land around Oleana was eventually purchased by lumbering interests and made the fortune of more than one man. Finally it came into the possession of the State and became a part of Pennsylvania's reforestation program and is now known as Ole Bull Park. All evidences of the colony have long since disappeared save the sturdy stone foundations of the founder's "castle." Here in memory of one who was deeply attached to both countries, the American and Norwegian flags are unfurled on the Fourth of July and the Seventeenth of May.

Ole Bull's vision of a new and happy land for his countrymen, his dream of an idyllic state full of industry, idealism, and democratic brotherhood under his benevolent leadership, was short-lived; his New Norway which had been ushered in with such a blaze of glory, arousing so much interest in America and such high hopes among the peasants of the homeland—this New Norway soon went to join the limbo of other American utopias. It still lives as a poetical chapter in the life story of Norway's greatest artist-adventurer and as a colorful if minor episode in the history of the Norwegian people in the New World.

The present article, like "Ole Bull Conquers the New World" which appeared in the December REVIEW, is part of a biography soon to be published. The author is married to a granddaughter of Ole Bull, whose second wife, Sara Chapman Thorp, was an American. Mrs. Smith is the owner of Ole Bull's Norwegian home, the island Lysöen, containing many mementoes of the violinist.

In a Little While We Shall Be Gone

BY H. C. BRANNER

Translated from the Danish by LIDA SIBONI HANSON and ADDA GENTRY GEORGE

A MAN was wandering past the houses of a suburb in a wild November gale. He had been walking a long, long time, and the twilight had come without his noticing it. It seemed to him that the gale was angry with him. The trees twisted and writhed like smoke trying to rise, reaching for him, or throwing themselves at him as he passed. Sometimes a black branch would crash down and break in pieces on the flagstones at his feet. His hands were deep in the pockets of his raincoat. His nervous fingers, burrowing there, found a bit of paper and rolled it into a ball as he trudged along in the roaring wind.

Finally the wanderer stopped to look across a hedge. Beyond it was a red brick chapel with an iron-studded door. Beneath the tossing trees that surrounded it were stones of many kinds: thick-bellied gray stones fenced in by iron chains; clean marble slabs; and shiny black granite slabs with golden inscriptions. On many of these, white doves were sitting with their heads bent or aslant, and some of them with their wings spread. The gale had blown a great flock of them together in the twilight under the storm-tossed trees.

The man stood for a long while looking at the door of the little chapel, remembering how he had once seen it open for eight men who slowly carried a coffin out in the gray November day. They were leaning away from the coffin, and each carried his hat in his free hand. Behind them shone the lights of the chapel, from which came the last strains of the song, "Beautiful is the Earth." Later a stone had been set near the chapel—a stone with a white dove that looked as if the

hand of a child had placed it there, tenderly stroking its back and wings. The hand of that child might also have fenced in the stone and caressed the ground around it with the spoon with which he used to play in the sand; he might also have written the inscription: "Consul Th. Schroeder 1862-1934. In Loving Memory." A child who knew nothing about death, nothing about the dead man, and nothing about himself.

And while the stone stood there with its inscription, Consul Th. Schroeder was far away from the love and hatred now associated with his name. For had not a son of Consul Schroeder left his wife and child two days ago? By now the whole town must be talking about it. Perhaps the lonely woman was at this very minute brooding over it in the darkness. Perhaps the house was dark, with one window swinging open; and perhaps she was sitting beside it, taking no heed of the cold or the darkness, or of the window swinging in the gale. Perhaps she had forgotten to close it, and was just sitting there wearily, without even thinking. A blond boy would come rushing in and would thrust his golden head into her lap, as you thrust a golden apple into the lap of a child. But she would push him away, speaking harshly to him. Then the boy's face, too, would become hard, and he would go and sit down somewhere in the dark. Thirty years from now, there might come a moment when he, too, would leave his wife and child because he thought he had suffered some kind of wrong. And just as Consul Schroeder had smiled many times under grave circumstances, so perhaps his grandson would choose just that moment to smile and think of his grand-

father "in loving memory," thus justifying the inscription on the stone. For a few days at least that inscription would be true, although it had been chosen only because an outsider had run through a book of epitaphs and had chanced to select just that one.

Without thinking, the wanderer had entered the chapel grounds, and was now standing before the stone telling of Consul Th. Schroeder. He had taken off his hat and the gale was tossing his long, unkempt hair. In the twilight his face was white, with hollow cheeks and a sagging mouth. He stood there lost in his thoughts. When these had carried him to a point from which there seemed no retreat, he shook them off with a smile. Then he noticed the roar of the wind in the treetops, and its hollow moaning in the low bushes round the many stones. Another branch came down from a great height and broke against the flagstones, the pieces rolling some distance. He followed them with his eyes, and suddenly he began to long violently for his home. "But if I go home now," he thought, "I can't say a word, I can't sit down, I can't read the newspaper and understand the meaning of the words. So I must go on and on and on."

He was very tired and his knees sagged at each step. The hedges swayed up and down, the houses swayed up and down, the lights which were being turned on here and there swayed up and down and in and out between the hedges and the houses.

"Here I am steering my boat in and out," he thought, "and all around me the houses are lying like ships that have cast anchor before the storm, and people are walking round them to see if the moorings are holding and everything is all right."

One of the houses he passed was called Villa Emma. It had a dainty roof with a little turret and carved wood-work, and the name Villa Emma was still plainly visible in Gothic letters, although weathered by many years of sunshine and rain.

One could imagine that the name had been painted on a summer morning, the morning of Emma's birthday, and that her husband had come to her full of mystery and had taken her out into the garden to see it. There they had stood on the lawn with their arms round each other and had looked together at the house and its name. They had been married for seven years and now at last they owned their own home. Later they had celebrated their bronze wedding in Villa Emma. Many guests had sat down stiffly and silently round a large table, and after a little while they had suddenly all begun to shout something together. One man had shouted louder than the others, and some of the women had cried out, frightened. After dinner all the men had been standing in a cluster, laughing at something Emma's husband was saying, but this time they laughed softly, looking around to see if anyone heard them. One man was not there, however; he was standing in the hall with Emma.

"I don't know what you mean," she said to him. "My husband is the best man in the world."

"Why, of course!" said the man. "The best man in the world. But—"

"But?"

"Yes—I am only saying 'But'!"

For a little while they looked smilingly at each other. Then she shook her head.

"Come!" she said. "Let us join the others."

A little later the party was over. But in one window in Villa Emma the light burned all night.

That was a good many years ago, and now in the November gale a man in a raincoat stood gazing at Villa Emma. It was standing there as dainty as ever, with its innocent turret. In the front yard the dry leaves were raked together and dug down around the rose bushes.

There was a light in the living-room and the curtains were not drawn, so that one could see the whole room. Emma's husband was alone in there and had not

noticed that it was getting dark and that he could be seen from the street. He was sitting in a corner with his face hidden behind a newspaper. He was in his shirt sleeves and had unbuttoned his vest, his stomach bulging out below the paper, his knees spread wide. On the wall behind him were pictures of animals and trees and water, realistically painted, but if you had asked him what the pictures represented, he would not have been able to tell you. In ten minutes he would not be able to remember, either, what he had read in the paper. This was his last evening at home, he was sailing the next day.

The man in the raincoat did not realize that he had entered their garden until he heard a dog bark. Then he hurried out again. From the road he saw Emma quickly enter the lighted room. She was small and dried up and wore a large, loose dress; and her face, too, was small and dried up, but her eyes were round and protruding. She came way up to the window, just as a fish in an aquarium runs against the glass wall because it can see nothing outside. The last to be seen of her was her hand pulling the curtains together, in a hard and self-assured way, as if there were nothing beyond the glass. But there happened to be a man standing behind the hedge, and from the way in which she pulled the curtains and the way in which her husband was sitting in his chair, many things could be guessed, things which they did not know themselves.

The wanderer's thought changed and he smiled. For at this moment perhaps something new was beginning within. At this moment perhaps she was going to her husband saying, "Come along, Robert, let us eat. I've cooked the steak just the way you like it." And he would lay his paper aside, and look up at her, smiling.

Soon they would be celebrating their silver wedding. If at that time you stood near the window, you would again see many people sit down silently and stiffly around a large table, and you would sud-

denly hear them all shout together. One man would get up, and stand for a moment looking at the tablecloth. He would look up and down the table while his fingers would be busy rolling bread crumbs into a ball. Those were all normal things, just as the name Villa Emma and the little turret were normal things. When a child has built a house, he puts a little turret on the ridge, and is very careful to place it so that it will not fall. Then the child steps back a few paces to admire his work.

* * *

There were other houses with other windows where the curtains were not drawn. At one of these windows a student was sitting, reading. He was studying medicine and was reading night and day, for he would soon have to take his first examinations.

While he was sitting there, his mother came in with coffee and cookies on a tray. She put them in front of him and pottered around the room a little; those were the cookies he liked so much. He did not look up from his book, but took a red pencil and underlined a sentence, while his left hand fumbled in the air and patted her arm. She stayed, wanting him to take a minute's rest, but he went on smiling and looking at his book. Not until she had gone did he look up and begin to eat the cookies, still smiling. He had smiled that way since he was a little boy, even the first day he went to school, when it turned out that he was the only one who could count to a hundred. At seventeen he smiled when on Christmas Eve the others formed a circle round the Christmas tree, singing, and he did not join them. He still had this peculiar smile on Sundays when the family was gathered and he would sit a little apart; or in the class room when the professor called on him after one of the other students had made a blunder. Soon he would be a physician in a provincial town, and there he would smile the same smile when telling how the other physicians were annoying

him by making wrong diagnoses, or were trying to coax his patients away from him. When that time came his mother would not hear much from him; at the most he would take a few minutes to scribble a line or two and send them to her once a month. But one winter night he would drive many miles on dangerous, icy roads to see a sick child and he would save the life of that child, although neither the child nor its parents nor he himself would suspect that he had saved it. But perhaps his smile, as well as all he said and did and thought about himself would only be a bit of confusing nonsense around the one fact that he went to see the child that night. And one can imagine that that night was in some way connected with the evening many years earlier when his mother came to him with coffee on a tray, although then he had not even looked up from his book.

* * *

The man in the raincoat had caught only a fleeting glimpse of the reading student and his mother with the tray, and while he was still thinking of them, he had reached the bridge above the railroad, and was standing there looking down. The station was a little farther up the tracks, and here, where he stood, the road-bed was rather wide, with many switches. High in the air a white arc lamp swayed in the wind, making light and shadow chase each other along the tracks, and flash from rail to rail. While he was standing there, a train arrived at the station, stopped a moment, then started again and came slowly toward the bridge. He went down the slope to look into the lighted cars.

In the first car a man and a girl were sitting opposite each other. He was reading his paper; she was sitting with her hands in her lap. They had been married about a year, and the first months he had not read the paper when they rode home together. Then the time came when he offered her the paper first—"Here—don't you want to—?" But she refused

and then he glanced at it himself, chatting with her at the same time. And now it was a matter of course that he settled down with his paper as soon as they got into the train. He should not have done it, for although they had been married a year she was still only a young girl. That was easily seen from her posture, from the bend of her neck and the hands in her lap. The man's face was hidden and the girl sat there idly looking at his hands holding the paper, at his shoes, at the top of his hair, and at his coat and muffler hanging by the window, swinging a little as the train moved. Soon he lowered the paper and peered out into the darkness.

"Well," he said with a sigh, "we'll soon be home."

"Yes," she said.

"I am tired, aren't you?"

"A little," she said.

The train stopped and they rose.

"Don't forget your paper," she said, as he started to leave it in the seat. Well, he took it, since he had not quite finished it. Then they went out.

* * *

Many lighted cars with people reading passed slowly; but in one of the last cars there were five young people, three boys and two girls, who were not reading. They were in khaki sports clothes, and had scattered knapsacks and other sporting paraphernalia around the car. Although the train had begun to put on speed as they passed the wanderer, it was plain to see that four of them were doubling up with laughter at something the fifth had said. There was only one other person in the car—an older man, reading his paper. He was wearing a black coat and had gold-rimmed spectacles. For a long time he had been bothered by their noise, and finally he lowered his paper and looked at them over his glasses.

"Couldn't you possibly let me read my paper in peace?" he asked.

One of the boys stiffened. "Why don't you go into another car? There are cars enough."

The others giggled at that; and one of the girls shouted with glee and was proud of the boy who had spoken.

"If you are insolent, young man," said the man with the paper, "I shall report you to the conductor. You had better tone down a little!"

So they toned down a little.

* * *

Now the train became smaller and smaller, the two rear red lights approached each other on the track; a bit of white steam and the last sound of a long drawn-out whistle were borne along the tracks by the wind and torn to shreds in the gardens with the waving branches. People who had gotten off at the station now began to come across the bridge on their way home. One of the first was a young woman walking briskly and firmly. She wore a smart coat trimmed with fur, and under her arm she carried a brief case—a college girl, perhaps. That morning, her mother might have taken out the winter coat from the closet where it had been hanging all summer in a moth-proof bag. Soon that mother would be calling toward the hall of their house, "Hurry up and close the door, Erna; and put on another pair of shoes!" And Erna would stand for a minute before the looking-glass and tidy herself; then she would go into the living-room, breathe out the last of the gale in a long sigh of contentment, take out her nice new books, and tell the family what they had done at school that day, and what this or that teacher had said. At the dinner table they would all discuss these things, and Erna's parents would know just as much about her courses and teachers as she did herself. The next day her mother would be invited to tea with other ladies, and she would sit rather absent-minded by herself until the moment came when she could begin to talk about Erna. The other ladies would listen with interest, but after Erna's mother had left, they would agree that Erna would probably never get married because she

was always staying at home with her father and mother.

* * *

After Erna had passed, there came a man and his wife who did not seem at all happy. No, they were not happy. She had met him at the station to hear how things had gone with him. They had not gone very well. He walked with stooping, discouraged shoulders and she tried to cheer him up, although she was suffering as much as he.

"You will see," she said, "if you go and see him again in a few days—"

"No!" he cried, "I shall not go and see him any more. I have my pride, you understand."

Yes, she understood that quite well. Still—

"You will see," she repeated. "We shall find a way out."

But he stopped walking, taking her up on the word. "This time there is no way out," he said.

No, of course, now there was no way out, she agreed for the present.

When they reached home, and were standing pale and sad in the dimly lighted hall, a six-year-old boy came rushing downstairs and put his arms round his father, crying, "What have you brought me, Daddy?"

"There," said his father. "There, there, John!"

"Go into the other room, John," said his mother. "Daddy is tired." And when the child hesitated, she added with some annoyance, "Do you hear, John?"

John went into the other room. Those two were always tired, he thought. They did not play, they sat talking, talking, only talking, and still they were always tired.

* * *

A good many more people came across the bridge. They walked briskly toward their homes with their differing lights: here, a white globe above stone steps at the end of a flagstone walk; there, a shiny cube giving the number of the house;

next, a round transom showing the light in the hall. Lights were turned on and off. The wanderer pictured these men standing in their homes, taking off their good gloves and hanging their coats on hangers, enjoying the whiffs of roast meat coming from the kitchen. In the distance the train left the next station.

The wanderer had stopped on the bridge, exhausted, crouching against the railing, with his hands on his knees. He looked despondently at himself. His shoes were stiff and muddy; his raincoat looked old, although it was almost new; his hands were red, with inflamed hangnails. Where were all the gloves he had owned in the course of time? He had left them in trains and street cars, or on benches in the woods. That was the way with all his possessions. Even when he was a boy his things had been left lying around in the garden, in the rain or under the leaves. And now while he stood on the bridge, bent and shivering, wondering why it was so, a gust of wind came and tore off his hat, sending it like a black shadow across the road-bed through the flickering light, until it disappeared in the darkness. He stood there puzzled for a moment, wondering if he should go down to the tracks to search for it. In a way he was fond of that hat. But finally he gave up the idea, and went in the opposite direction towards the town, which was more sheltered and called him with its twinkling street lights.

He came to the first shop that threw its light across the road. It was the shop of the green-grocer, and inside, an old woman was buying ten öre worth of lettuce. She was very small and very old. She just wanted a few leaves, she said, and they didn't have to be very good. She was standing with her ten-öre piece ready, like a child who has been sent on an errand. Her hand closed slowly but firmly on the lettuce leaves, as the hand of a child closes on a cork or a bit of string. She seemed full of cunning and slipped quickly along past a number of houses

and through a gate. Perhaps she was on the way to a great joy in which one could participate if one followed her and went with her to her room. First she would talk about her stove.

"Look at that measly little stove—you wouldn't think it could heat a room, would you?"

"No, I suppose not."

But she would smile with cunning, for it could easily heat her two rooms in the most severe winter cold. She would go over to it and open it to show its capacity, and tell how it had been burning for four weeks without going out one single night. You would say that you would never have believed it and she would gloat over your disbelief. No, she would say, one would have to know it, that was the secret. It had to be fed at certain times like a baby. And gradually she would become confidential and show something which she had not at first planned to show you—the turtle that was to have the lettuce leaves because the weather was windy and bad. It was really its time to hibernate, and she would have to sit there a long time, whistling to it and coaxing it, before it would push its snaky head warily out of its shell, turning its small blinking eyes toward the light. When she tickled it under the chin, the turtle would put its head out still farther, for that was something it liked. It was important to make the creature eat and move a little now and then, for if it were allowed to hibernate without interruption, it would not live through the winter.

* * *

It was now nearly closing time for the stores, and there were not many people left in the main street; but outside one of the shops a young girl was putting various things into the compartments of a slot machine—coffee, pieces of chocolate in tinfoil, caramels and licorice candy in red and green bags. She was taking dance steps to keep warm, for she wore only a white smock in the cold wind, but her face was laughing, and she had rosy

cheeks and sparkling eyes. An eighteen-year-old boy stopped his bicycle at the curb to talk to her.

"You'll have to join the League," he said.

"No," she said with a laugh, "I don't want to join the League."

"Yes, but we want you there."

"But I don't want to be there."

"You *must* join."

"I am not going to. I don't care for your politics."

"You don't care for politics!"

"Not for the kind you are fussing about."

Finally he left on his bicycle, and she went back in the shop. Only the slot machine, with its bags and little lights, was left outside.

The man in the raincoat had stopped in front of the machine. He was thinking that she probably would join the League anyway. He did not want her to. He did not want her to march; there were too many people marching as it was. He thought of her feet which had just taken those gay steps where he was now standing. No, he did not want her to march.

Then he forgot her, for the commission agent came hurrying out of one nearby shop and entered another. He had parcels under his arms and parcels sticking out of his pockets; he had just returned from Copenhagen with twenty-five kroner. In the hardware store he told how he happened to have so much money.

"'No!' the dealer said to me, 'I don't want that picture. I have my whole attic full as it is. But I will give you twenty-five kroner for it.' And then he took out his pocketbook. All the time I had been staring at the pocket in which I knew he had it. Now he will take it out, I thought. And sure enough, he did. That is my system; I believe in thought-transference."

The commission agent then asked for a toy train which was displayed in the shop window. It was marked five kroner, but he had to have it for his little Martin.

On several gloomy days he and Martin had stood outside of the shop window, hand in hand, looking at that train. Now the child was going to have it. He paid for it with his last bill, but in his coat-tail pocket he still had some silver kroner. He did not know how many, but a number.

When he reached home, Martin jumped at him like a little frog, and clung to his arms and legs. His face was red and swollen with crying. For many hours he had been alone and afraid.

"Where is Mother, Daddy?" he asked.

"I don't know, my boy," answered his father. "I don't know exactly where she is this minute. But now look here!" And without stopping to take off his overcoat he untied the bundle with the train and tracks. He put them all together and the two got down on the floor and began to play with them. Martin forgot that his mother wasn't there. He forgot it until the train began to overturn repeatedly. Then suddenly he wailed, "But, Daddy, you promised to bring Mother home with you!"

"Now look here, Martin," said his father. "I'll show you how we'll play with the train. Each of us will have his own station. You may have Copenhagen. Clear the track! GO! Now you send it back to me.—Hello! Hello! We haven't any matches here in Roskilde. Send them on the next train!"

They played this way some time longer. Finally the father grew so warm that he had to stop long enough to take off his overcoat.

"Now send the train back," he said.

But Martin did not send the train back. He seemed to be listening to something outside.

"You must be hungry, boy," said the commission agent. "Look here, I brought sandwiches. And the gingerbread that you like so much. And you can have some lemonade."

For a while each sat on his side of the table, with the sandwiches, gingerbread, and lemonade between them. In the midst

of a mouthful Martin suddenly stopped chewing, his mouth grew wide, and his hands went slowly up to his eyes.

"Well," said his father. "Well, well, Martin! Martin, for goodness' sake!"

But Martin only cried the harder. Saliva trembled on his lips, and one could see the gingerbread on his tongue. The train lay on the floor with all its wheels in the air.

His father sat looking at him in despair, at the end of his resources. His right hand had found its way to his trousers pocket and got hold of a piece of paper which it crumpled. It had been torn off from a brown bag and something had been written on it in pencil. It had been lying on the kitchen table yesterday, and since then no one had seen or heard anything of Martin's mother.

* * *

It was very late when the wanderer finally went to his own house, but there was still a little yellow light shining out from an upstairs window. A couple of restless black branches swung back and forth before the window, in and out of the yellow light. He stopped short when he saw this. For a while he could not take another step, he could hardly breathe. Where he stood one did not feel the gale, but it was singing way up in the treetops, singing a mass for all the things that had died or disappeared that night. "But she is still living," he thought, full of reverence; "she is living and awake." Then a new note came into the world, a tiny, soft noise as when a key is stuck into a door. Two heard that sound, one who was coming from far away, and one who was lying awake, listening.

He tiptoed upstairs and into her room. She was in bed, with a faint yellow light shining on her hair and shoulders. Her eyes followed him from the moment he appeared in the door, and did not let him go. He sat down on the edge of the bed. They said good evening to each other, then were silent for a while. But she was smiling and nodding. Then she stretched

out her hand and touched him gently, his arm and his knee, and twisted one of the buttons of his coat a tiny bit. He was wrapped in a layer of wind and cold, and it took some time for her hand to get on intimate terms with him.

"Where have you slept?" she asked.

"The first night I slept in a hotel. I don't quite remember where. I paid and got the key from the porter. In the morning I put it on his desk and went away."

"And last night?"

"Last night I didn't sleep. I walked."

"Where did you eat?"

"Yesterday I ate with an artist I know. We sat in his studio eating lunch and drinking beer."

"What did he say?"

"He wanted war. It was a pity we didn't get into the last war, he said. It would have been better for us. Now one noticed the same reaction everywhere. He had sent a painting to an exhibition, but it had been rejected because it was 'futuristic,' they said, and there was a man on the jury who did not want futuristic pictures. There was politics in it. There was politics in everything."

"What else happened? Tell me."

"Nothing special. I saw the commission agent down town. I took an afternoon train home, and since then I have been wandering around the streets. I didn't dare come home. I was afraid."

"What were you afraid of?"

"I don't know. Of you and death. And the gale. Of politics in everything, of the war that didn't come. Sometimes I cannot sit quietly in a chair without hearing feet marching far away. More and more feet, and the noise gets louder and louder, comes nearer and nearer. They march and march. Perhaps it is only cowardice. I was afraid to be seen. There he goes, they might say when they see me. Or I was afraid that something terrible had happened at home, even though I knew quite well that nothing had happened. For nothing did happen, did it?"

"Not a thing. That is—your brother Eigil was here."

"What did he say?"

"He said you were crazy."

"That's true enough. He and I are both crazy, each in his own way. Almost everybody is a little crazy. Except you. You are not. You are the only one I know who is not a bit crazy."

"Then why didn't you come home to me? Why do you want to be so unhappy and wander around the streets when you have me, and you say that I am not crazy?"

"I am not unhappy. Not a bit. Not seriously. Or at least, my unhappiness is of no importance. On the whole, there are mighty few things that are important. You hear two men grow heated over politics, and you are amazed to think how little politics really matter. You go along the streets and hear how deadly in earnest people are about things that are of no importance. Death is important, but we hurry to find a name and a place for it, and then we smooth and rake the ground in that place and forget about it.

But with you it is another matter. I know that I can only have my arms around you for a short moment. I can hear your blood crying to me that in a little while we shall be gone, and my own blood answering back that in a little while we shall be gone. That great happiness with you is not always easy to bear. Sometimes I have to run away from it and feel miserable, and pull others along in my misery. I have to crouch like a child in the dark in order to understand my happiness again and bear it. But it is my happiness that is important, not my misery. The only thing that is important for us is that we are still young and still have a little while to live."

She bent toward him. He put his arm around her, and felt that her body was strained and taut as for a great leap. Her eyes were quite near his, but he did not recognize them, and it was useless for him to search for their color and expression, for they changed color and expression while he was looking at them.

"Hold me tight," she whispered. "Oh, hold me tight!"

The present story gives its name to a volume of short stories, Om lidt er vi borte, which appeared in 1939 and was hailed by Danish critics as the revelation of a new and distinctive talent. The author, H. C. Branner, is young, and this is his third book.

The Wave of Osiris

BY PÄR LAGERQVIST

Translated from the Swedish by CARL ERIC LINDIN

AND THE GREAT KING over two kingdoms awakened as from a deep sleep in his grave chamber, which was filled with all the things of the earth, in order to step before the throne of Osiris. Around him there were gathered all the riches of life, all that which is given to the chosen, wagons of cedar inlaid with gold and ivory, war chariots of copper ornamented with reliefs of victory, couches for resting borne by gilded cows with the sun-disk between their horns, precious gems in bowls of onyx and jade, shimmering sealed alabaster jars with oils and ointments. Slaves of both sexes carved in wood and small as dolls performed their duties, served marvelous courses, raised the walls of his palace, carried home his quarry and his falcons after the hunt, hoisted his sails on the sacred river. He looked about and did not understand.

At his feet knelt his body servant with his hands pressed against his breast, ready to hear his commands. Ethiopian slaves butchered a sheep and prepared it at the hearth, harvested the fields and drove the oxen at the water wheel. Dancing girls in transparent garments danced for him with their arms lifted above their heads to the music of flutes and harps.

What was this? He could not remember. In a common bowl of clay, unlike anything else there, lay some blackened grains of corn. Servants were occupied in baking bread, wool-carding, spinning, and weaving. On a basin of gold lay pearls and sparkling precious stones. He understood nothing, did not recognize anything. In the center his own statue throned. He did not know who it was. On the pale chalkstone walls of the grave chamber his

whole life was pictured, all his power and glory, his victories over his enemies, his armies and chiefs, and he himself triumphant on his chariot riding over the trampled corpses of his foes while the falcon of Horus lifted the looped cross, the sacred mark of life, before his eyes.

What did this mean? He could not explain. The life of the earth lived in all its splendor around him, all that which he had wanted to carry along, all that which he had thought important to have here. All was as he had decided. But he did not now know what the meaning of it was. He stood there and looked about as in an unknown world. His glance was as if touched by a hand which had taken away the interpretation of the pictures, his soul was as a subterranean well without surface.

Then his lifeless glance happened to fall on a small gilded image of a woman who radiated light before him through the dimness. She did not awaken any memories in him, not even one. She was as unknown to him as anything there. But within him something moved when he looked at her, as if something was still alive. He went nearer and gazed at the image. She sat with her hands resting on her small knees and her large earthy eyes met his questioning glance. No, he did not know her. But there rose within him something like a mighty wave which filled his breast. He did not know what it was, but it was something great and strange, it gripped him with a secret power. It was something wonderful and incomprehensible, something which lived.

The gold flakes came off when he touched her. Filled his hands with sparkling dust.

Long he stood there in the twilight by and, with his hand on his breast, he entered before the throne of Osiris.
her image. Then he lifted his empty eyes

Free Denmark

PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL pledges freedom for Denmark, according to *The Inter-Allied Review*, published in New York with the official support of the governments of countries at war with or occupied by Germany, among them Denmark and Norway. Danes in London observed, on April 9, the second anniversary of the German invasion of Denmark by giving £38,300 for airplanes. Prime Minister Churchill, accepting the gift, promised the liberation of Denmark "perhaps sooner than it would be prudent or sensible to hope." He further stated:

The arrival of a new enemy, fresh, very powerful, has prolonged the journey that Europe must travel, but it has also brought new friends far more powerful once they have been given the time to realize their strength.

I feel I must say with very good confidence that the day of liberation for Europe can be looked and hoped for by all those whose nations are in bondage at the present time. We will never give in, we will never weary. . . . We will never pause in the struggle, nor will our great American and Russian allies. I have very little doubt the day will come when Denmark will be free from the grip in which she has been held and will resume her independent, honored, ancient place among the great peoples and states of Europe.

The following is the text of a statement made by Henrik de Kauffmann, Minister of Denmark to the United States, on the occasion of the second anniversary of the invasion of Scandinavia:

Two years have passed since Germany invaded Denmark and Norway. They have been very long and trying years for our countrymen at home, but in spite of everything time has strengthened rather than weakened opposition to Nazism. All attempts to win over the people of Denmark to the so-called "new order" and to make them cooperate actively beyond the limits of the forced "agreement" of April 9, 1940, have met with stubborn resistance from an overwhelming majority.

The thoughts of Danes today, more than ever, go to our brother nation Norway where the people carry on a heroic fight for the preservation of human rights—a fight which commands our unlimited admiration and sympathy. Conditions are different in Denmark and Norway and the ways and means of resistance differ. The aim, however, is the same; the liberation of our countries. I feel confident that in the end justice will prevail and that a new and better future is in store for both our Northern countries.

Norway's Government in Exile

ALVA MYRDAL, joint author with her husband of *Kontakt med Amerika*, which interpreted America to Sweden, has now completed the manuscript of a book in which she essays to do the same for England. The book, which is entitled *Stickprov på Storbritannien* (Cross Section of Great Britain) is being published by Bonnier in Stockholm. An interesting chapter deals with the various Governments in Exile and "Free Movements" by citizens of occupied or invaded countries to which England has been a generous host. With the author's consent we are quoting the paragraphs relating to the Norwegian Government.

The strongest and most important of all the Governments in Exile is the Norwegian. I am sure this is not an exaggeration based on Scandinavian partiality. It is clear that the English feel a most businesslike respect for the Norwegians. And it is well worth while to analyze the reasons. In this strange time of renaissance of monarchies, the Royal House should be named first and foremost, as we did in the case of Holland. The Norwegian Royal House is without doubt the most modern and democratic of them all. Its personal dignity and simple family loyalty is the most irreproachable; not even the poisonous gossips that gather around the journalists' table in Café Royale have discovered the faintest hint of scandal. Among the representatives of other countries, there is no lack of adventurous personages.

The Norwegian Government deserves respect as the one that has functioned longest of all and is the most stable, at the same time as it is socially and politically the most progressive. The fact that it is in the main a Labor Government rouses a special sympathy, inasmuch as the tendency in the United Nations, and particularly in England, is plainly in the direction of that which, from old habit, we call Social-Democracy. And people like to see a slightly more radical government in other countries than in their own. It is not only true in a general way that governments which tend to the Left awaken more sympathy among people of other nations—a sort of moral homage to progressive thought which might be worth a closer study—but it is usually considered as giving a better guarantee of an honest and incorruptible administration.

The Norwegian Government today is almost precisely the same as that which we knew in our old neighborly days, even though Koht is gone, and Trygve Lie takes his place as Foreign Minister, while a few others have been added as Ministers without portfolio. While I was there, Paul Hartmann arrived "as a delegate from the homeland in order to take a position in the Government"—as if this were a perfectly natural thing in the face of the Quisling regime and the North Sea blockade.

Norway in Exile is powerful, furthermore, because it is wealthy. The Norwegian Government is the world's largest shipping concern. Through its business organization, Nortraship, it administers almost the entire Norwegian merchant marine. At the outbreak of the war, this fleet was the fourth largest in the world—larger than the German. Some losses have been suffered, but it still has a tonnage of about four million, distributed on about one thousand ships. And they are of the most modern.

The ships are so swift that they often have to go alone across the Atlantic, because it would be a waste of time to let them drag along in the slow convoys. They furnish the Norwegian Government with a liberal income to meet its expenses for war and administration. And the British hosts fully realize the value of this fleet. At least one-half of all importations of oil to England and the various fighting fronts is transported in Norwegian bottoms, as is also a third of all food and war material imported to the mother isle.

But Norway possesses something even greater which makes it a favorite among England's homeless allies. The British people follow its democratic struggle in the homeland with breathless anxiety and deep sympathy. One reason for this is, of course, that it denotes the most important possibility for a Western front against Germany. But even without such considerations, there is a special appeal in the fight of the Norwegians. Their struggle for liberty

shines throughout the world. Nowhere is unity stronger than in this once bright and progressive democracy. In no other language is the common purpose expressed so simply and yet with such obstinate feeling as in Norwegian: "*Aa befri landet vaart.*"

Norway outside of its own boundaries fulfills this task with a more important military force than we generally realize. A number of the American destroyers that were sent to England are now sailing under the Norwegian flag, and America continues the delivery of planes ordered by Norway. The Norwegian air power has already begun to make an important contribution, and it will soon do more, for thousands of capable young men from the homeland and from the whole world are streaming into the training camp at Toronto in Canada. Nevertheless, all this does not equal in importance the twenty-five thousand Norwegian seamen who are sailing, laboring, and risking their lives for Norway on the Seven Seas.



King Haakon in the Garden of the Norwegian Legation in London



"Long Live the King!" Children Write It on the Snow in Norway

Norway's King and Government, then, have a strong financial basis. They have a fleet, they have military resources, and they also have "many thousands" of civilians, intensely patriotic citizens who are with them in exile. The Government Departments are established in a large, splendid, modern office building in London. Most active during this intermediate period are the military, commercial, and propaganda departments. But the task of caring for countrymen in exile is also conducted in a liberal way.

There are few pieces of literature as interesting as a country's budget. This is true also of the present Norwegian budget, which gives a vivid picture of the Norway that continues to live outside of the homeland. For the second half of 1941 it balanced at one hundred million kroner, one-half of which was appropriated to the defenses. Of this sum the air force receives the lion's share. The land army requires least. The next greatest item, 35 per cent, is interest on loans, by which the Norwegian Government honorably meets its international obligations. Then follows a social economy on a small scale. The Church Department cannot do much more than take care of the seamen's missions. The Social Department, with an appropriation of six million kroner, is also chiefly devoted to the seamen, besides a few hospitals and homes for the aged, and pensions to aged Norwegian citizens in exile. A mirror of how the times are out of joint may be seen in the appropriation of three million to refugees and two and one-half million in aid of Norway at home, as far as it can be reached.

Mrs. Myrdal concludes her chapter with the words: "I have met the Norway which lives side by side with us and yet in another world than ours, the brother nation, which just now is living through its heroic time abroad as at home."

Norwegians at Dunkerque

THE NORWEGIAN MOTOR SHIP *Hird*, Captain Fred-hjem master, bore an important part in aiding the evacuation at Dunkerque. The following report is taken from the house organ of the Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission in New York.

When the Germans attacked Holland and Belgium, one of our ships was in Dunkerque discharging a cargo of coal. The vessel was discharged on May 17, 1941, and following a request from the French authorities, stayed in port to await the development of the war, as it might be necessary to load some kind of cargo from Dunkerque. Everything was made ready for loading of grain, but as the lighters and the grain elevator were continuously bombed, loading was made impossible, the ship being too big to go alongside the silo. The vessel was also made ready for loading wool, but before loading could start, the wool bales were set on fire by German incendiary bombs. Some important machinery which the French authorities wanted to send out, but which at the time was farther inland, did not arrive. During the whole stay in port the ship was continuously bombed day and night, and considerable damage was caused. As the situation grew worse, and it was feared that it would be impossible to leave the harbor, the Captain informed the authorities to this effect asking permission to leave, as there was no more cargo which could be shipped out of the port. The Master was requested to take troops on board, as evacuation of troops from that sector had been going on for several days, and the Master informed the authorities that he would be more than willing to take on board as many troops as the vessel could carry.

Embarkation of troops started on May 28 at 2:30, and all were on board at 9. By that time there were 1450 British soldiers, 45 wounded British, and 2000 French soldiers, as well as some German prisoners, brought on board by British soldiers, and also some civilian refugees. At 9 the ship sailed with orders to proceed behind a French ship which had 1400 French soldiers and civilian refugees on board. The French ship was about three ship's lengths dead ahead of the Norwegian ship, when it struck a mine, probably a magnetic one, and sank. Full speed astern was immediately given on the Norwegian vessel, and the anchor was dropped and one lifeboat made ready for lowering. This was the only lifeboat which could be used, as all remaining life-saving gear had been damaged or destroyed during the bombardments. This boat was also badly damaged. Just after the launching of the lifeboat had started, several fishing-boats were seen to come to the scene, and as it was certain that, if the vessel had stopped there until daylight, German planes would again attack, it was decided to proceed. Twenty minutes later a small steamship was seen right ahead, steaming towards us, and the course had to be changed to pass clear of it. Immediately afterwards a terrific explosion was heard, and the oncoming vessel disappeared in smoke and flames. It is believed that this vessel also struck a magnetic mine, as the Germans had sown them all over the waters. It is also believed that this vessel must have had ammunition on board, this being the reason for such a terrific explosion. Nothing could be seen of the wreckage afterwards.

I want to point out that the Norwegian vessel neither had defense equipment nor was she degaussed, and therefore not protected against magnetic mines.

The voyage was continued according to the given route. About 4 o'clock in the morning of the 29th S.O.S. signals were picked up, and the course was altered to go to the position from where the S.O.S. was sent. It proved to be a British destroyer which had received a torpedo hit aft, but was still floating. As we approached, shouts of help were heard from the water, engines were stopped and the lifeboat was lowered. After launching the boat the Norwegian vessel was maneuvered closer to the damaged destroyer, and stayed there until another British destroyer arrived, taking the damaged one in tow. The Norwegian vessel was then maneuvered back to the lifeboat which in the meantime had picked up the survivors from a British torpedo boat, that had been sunk by a torpedo earlier. They had also picked up a man, survivor from a sunken British trawler. Among the men picked up was also the Commander of the sunken destroyer. After the survivors had been taken on board, full speed ahead was given to get the Norwegian ship out of these dangerous waters as soon as possible, as the Commander of the sunken destroyer informed the Norwegian that he was certain that German submarines still were in the vicinity, and with so many troops on board it was found impossible to take chances by remaining there any longer. The survivors were handed over to a patrol vessel off Dover, and the Norwegian vessel proceeded to Cherbourg with the troops, according to instructions. The Norwegian vessel arrived at Cherbourg on May 30, and the troops started disembarking the same day.

The Captain further reports that the crew which went to the lifeboat were the 3rd Officer, the steward, the carpenter and an A.B. All of them went as volunteers. The 3rd Officer had for some time been sick and complained of pain in his stomach. It later appeared that the pain was caused by an abscess, which on account of the strain in rowing the heavy boat, burst and caused peritonitis. He was 48 hours later landed at Cherbourg and sent to a hospital in a very critical condition. I have not heard from him since and am not sure that he survived. I have the greatest admiration for him, who despite pain and sickness volunteered for the lifeboat in order to help seamen in dire distress. The other three also showed great devotion, as they realized that if our ship was attacked, we should have had to leave them in the boat, as we could not have risked so many lives as the ship had on board at the time, in order to save a few.

The Captain further reports: "When the second ship went on the mine and sank, the Chief Engineer was on deck, but he immediately went down into the engine room and ordered all superfluous crew on deck. He then took over the maneuvering. This showed a great valor as well as consideration for his men."

"During the ship's stay at Dunkerque she was especially from the 18th to the day of departure exposed to enemy attack night and day. Under such condition it is of the greatest importance that some of the crew remain on board. It is a pleasure for me to state that my 2nd officer stayed on board practically the whole time. He watched everything, and often he extinguished incendiary bombs which had hit the ship. His conduct was excellent. In short: for all concerned it must be said that they behaved in a way which gives credit to Norwegian seamen. All beds and cabins were given up for the use of soldiers, and all the life-belts were given to the wounded. The chances of being saved if we had been sunk, were therefore very small."

THE QUARTER'S HISTORY



NORWAY

THE REVOLT IN NORWAY during the last quarter grew in intensity all over the country until it assumed the proportions of a revolution. In no other German occupied country, with the possible

exception of Poland,

has the world witnessed so determined an opposition, so desperate a fight by an unarmed civilian population against the German terror as that in which the Norwegian people are at present engaged. It is a total revolt of an entire people, the result of total war.

Unaccustomed to conspiracy and revolutionary technique—for more than a hundred years wholly devoted to peace and social progress—the Norwegians are proving to the world what courageous and freedom-loving men and women and even children are capable of when driven into slavery under the lash, herded into concentration camps, arrested and tortured in police cells, where many have been driven insane and died from the Gestapo agents' cruel practices upon the helpless victims, besides the many who have been executed without even a trial.

This flaming revolt in Norway proves that, while the country is occupied by a large force of the world's greatest military power, it is not conquered. And the steadily increasing intensity of the revolution during the last three months has given Hitler and his brutal cohorts in Norway reason to pause and reflect! Something has gone wrong with the Nazi plan so far as Norway is concerned. The apparent placidity of the Norwegians at the beginning of the invasion was proved, on the second anniversary of that crime on April 9 this year, to have been but the calm before the onset of the storm.

With the exception of the Red Army's

victories on Germany's eastern front, nothing has made Hitler angrier than the revolt in Norway by the entire population or—to be absolutely correct—99 percent of the nation. One percent is all that the arch-traitor Quisling and his few fellow traitors have been able to muster in the course of two years of pressure, threats, loss of position, and deprivation of the means of livelihood. The situation has forced General von Falkenhorst, the German military commander, to call for reinforcements, and a considerable additional force has been sent to Norway to help quell the uprising. Among the outstanding characteristics of the Norwegian people, however, is their love of freedom and justice, and these no power on earth can conquer. As Professor Halvdan Koht has so well expressed it: there can be no real freedom without justice; the two concepts are inseparable. This is the weapon the Norwegian people are wielding against German tyranny, oppression, and terror.

THE RESIGNATION OF NORWAY'S SEVEN BISHOPS at the end of February was followed by the resignation of all but a few of the parish clergy, who stood solidly behind their bishops, and soon thereafter nearly all of the country's public school teachers resigned in protest.

This is unquestionably the most important event in the history of the opposition since the resignation in a body of the members of the Supreme Court in the fall of 1941. It brought to a climax a series of events which have taken place since Reichskommissar Josef Terboven on February 1 appointed by Hitler's order Vidkun Quisling to the puppet position of "Minister President" for Norway. This, incidentally, is a title or rank wholly foreign and unknown in Norwegian law or tradition.

The original cause of the crisis was

two so-called "laws" which Quisling and his council adopted at their first meeting. These "laws" provided that all public school teachers should be required to become members of a Quisling-Nazi teachers' organization and that all boys and girls between ten and eighteen years old should be required to join the Quisling party's youth organization, an imitation of the Hitler Youth league in Germany. In Norway this society is still largely on paper. It was planned primarily to insure the Nazification of the Norwegian youth. The "law" provided further that minors of a certain age should be obliged to work and that this arrangement should go into effect March 1 this year. The response was practically *nil*, and for that good and sufficient reason, enforcement of the child labor provision was postponed.

The bishops on February 14 last sent a letter to the so-called "Minister of Church and Education," Schanke, in which the point was stressed that the parents, in consequence of the duties which the act of baptism imposed upon them, were responsible for the moral upbringing and education of the children. This letter was in effect a protest against the Quisling decree that all children between the ages of ten and eighteen should become members of the Quisling party's youth organization for the purpose of being instructed in Nazi ideology and the "new order."

In his answer to the protest, Schanke asserted that the State is the highest authority in the land and as such has the highest authority over every individual citizen. An exchange of correspondence followed until February 24, when the bishops sent individual letters announcing their resignation. In letters of like content they also protested against the conduct of the Nazis in outrageously disturbing the services in the Trondheim Cathedral on February 1. On that occasion a large number of loyal Norwegians gathered outside the cathedral and sang

the great Lutheran hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is our God."

Following the individual letters sent by the bishops on February 24, Schanke sent a telegram to Bishop Eivind Berggrav of Oslo, Primate of the Church of Norway, in which he was informed that he was removed from office and that for the future he was prohibited from performing ecclesiastical duties. He was also for a time required to report twice every day at Oslo's central police station, Mölbergaten 19, for questioning. This he did attired in his full ecclesiastical robes with gold cross and chain. Thus attired he walked from the ancient episcopal residence in the oldest part of the city to the police station, a considerable distance, and his appearance in the streets attracted such great, sympathetic crowds that the Nazis found it convenient to rescind the order.

It is reported that during one of the bishop's daily examinations at the police station, in which Quisling himself took part, the traitor became angered at the bishop's defiant answers. "You ought to have your head chopped off," Quisling is reported to have said. "Well, here I am," Bishop Berggrav answered quietly.

THE USUAL GERMAN REPRISALS followed the resignation of the bishops and all of the country's parish clergy, apart from a very few exceptions, and nearly all of Norway's public school teachers. All were sent to concentration camps in various parts of the country and many, especially the school teachers, were immediately subjected to humiliating, often downright inhuman treatment.

In addition to Bishop Berggrav, the other six bishops are: John Nicolai Stören, James Maroni, Andreas Fleischer, Henrik Greve Hille, G. Skagestad, and Wollert Krohn-Hansen.

The immediate result of the school teachers' protest was that the president and secretary of the Norwegian Teachers' Federation, Erik Eide and H. Kval-

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heim, respectively, were arrested as a warning to teachers all over the country to mend their ways, but when it was found that all refused to join a Nazi teachers' league, all except a few Nazi-minded teachers were arrested and sent to concentration camps. Here many were forced to do hard labor with pick and shovel.

Many of the older men were prodded with the points of bayonets or lashed when they did not work fast enough to suit the German taskmasters. Recently 500 prisoners, among them about 200 teachers from Trondheim and north central Norway, were transported aboard an old steamer of small tonnage to Arctic Norway, probably Kirkenes, to do hard labor on the fortifications which the Germans are building there in an effort to prevent the landing at Murmansk of American and British supplies for the Red Army. The boat had been laid up for several years and was considered unseaworthy by the Norwegians. It had accommodations for only 200 passengers, but 500 Norwegian prisoners were herded on board. The conditions were indescribably filthy. Many of the poor victims got no sleep because there was no place for them to sit or lie down at night, and many of them got no food because the kitchen was not equipped to accommodate more than 200 passengers, even if there had been sufficient food supplies.

BISHOP BERGGRAV WAS SENT to the concentration camp at Bredtvedt where he was held from the middle of March. The treatment accorded the bishops and clergy by the German terrorists aroused Norway's church people to such a pitch of flaming resentment that even Hitler felt the impact. According to reports received in the latter part of April, Bishop Berggrav has been released from the concentration camp and installed in a rural cottage near Oslo, under guard of German soldiers, and the cottage is surrounded by barbed wire entanglements.

His release from the concentration camp was said to have been dictated by Norwegian political conditions. This euphemism is pure camouflage. The truth is that public unrest over the bishop's imprisonment dictated his release.

It was further reported at the end of April that the Dean of Trondheim Cathedral, the Rev. Arne Fjellbu, and his wife, had been interned.

THE GESTAPO REIGN OF TERROR continued during the last three months with unabated vigor. Arrests were made without warning in all parts of the country. Civilians were ordered out of their beds at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning and hustled off to cells in the local police stations, where many languished for weeks without a hearing, not knowing the nature of the charges against them. The German occupational authorities are obviously determined to destroy every vestige of the Norwegian organized Labor movement, just as the Nazis have wiped out the organized Labor movement in Germany itself, and as a concomitant of this campaign in Norway the Gestapo has been particularly severe with trade union leaders.

Among these the following have recently been thrown into jail: Carl Westli-Olsen, president of the mercantile and general office workers' union; Gunnar Diesnaaen, president of the joint union of cooperative workers; O. Ommundsen, vice president of the Oslo iron and other metal workers' union; Hans Hegg, treasurer of the same union; William Andersen, vice president of the telephone and telegraph operators' union; Martin Strandli, president of the Oslo workers' savings and housing association.

Others recently arrested are: Ragnvald Grannes, post-office official at Senja, and the following Haugesund journalists: Hans Hoeg Omdahl and Bjarne Hausken with Mrs. Hausken. In Aalesund four persons were recently arrested on charges of having failed to turn in their radio

sets. Sigurd Larsen, managing director of the Grand Hotel, Oslo, was recently arrested on suspicion of housing enemies, but he was released after a few days in jail. The widely known author and journalist, Alfred Skar, Oslo, was recently thrown into jail, likewise Professor Harald Astrup Salvesen and Mrs. Sylvia Salvesen.

Professor Didrik Arup Seip, former Rector of Oslo University, and the widely known poet and patriot, Arnulf Överland, both of whom have been confined in concentration camps in Norway, were recently transported to Germany and placed in a concentration camp there.

As a result of the steadily increasing number of arrests, the concentration camps in Norway are rapidly becoming overcrowded, and new and larger ones are being constructed, especially in the far North. Thus the camp at Grini, near Oslo, is now filled to capacity, with nearly 700 men. A camp on the island of Troms in Arctic Norway houses more than 300 prisoners. In a Gestapo prison in Trondheim there are at present more than 300 Norwegian prisoners, confined under the worst possible conditions. Vollan prison in Trondheim is also overcrowded.

Transportation of Norwegian prisoners to Germany continues at regular intervals. Recently 88 Norwegian army and navy officers and 60 civilian prisoners were sent by boat to Denmark and from there by train to Germany.

NORWAY IS TO BECOME AN INTEGRAL Part of the German Reich. Dr. Stuckhart, who is head of the Norwegian division of the German department of the interior, recently arrived in Oslo for the purpose of arranging the "legal" details in connection with bringing Norway into the fold. He has previously incorporated into the Reich Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Western Poland. Dr. Stuckhart, in a wide range of administrative details, will supersede Reichskommissar Terboven in authority.

The Quisling puppet government recently revoked the Norwegian citizenship of fifty persons prominent in the country's political, social, intellectual, and military life and ordered their properties and bank accounts confiscated. Among these fifty persons were all the members of the lawful Norwegian Government in Exile in London, headed by Premier Johan Nygaardsvold.

In addition to all the members of the Government in Exile, the Quisling decree includes six former professors in the University of Oslo, two naval officers, nine army officers, two editors, and a number of shipowners, business men, lawyers, and the Governor of Romsdal province, Trygve Utheim of Molde. Several of those hit by the decree are at present in the United States. They are: Carl Joachim Hambro, President of the now temporarily dissolved Norwegian Storting; Professor Halvdan Koht, former Foreign Minister; Colonel John Ravnsborg (in New York to purchase supplies for Free Norway's combat forces); Lieut. Colonel Arne Dagfinn Dahl (in New York in charge of registering Norwegian citizens subject to military duty).

TEN LARGE NORWEGIAN OIL TANKERS and other cargo ships, which had been at anchor in the harbor of Gothenburg, Sweden, since the German invasion of Norway two years ago, attempted in the beginning of April during a heavy night snowstorm to make a desperate dash for freedom. The crews were mainly Norwegians, although a couple of the ships had some British seamen aboard.

On board were also a large number of refugees who had escaped from concentration camps in Norway and a considerable number of men who had fled from Norway for the purpose of joining Free Norway's combat forces in England and Canada. Unfortunately the heroic dash for freedom was only partly successful.

Two of the fleeing ships had reached just beyond Swedish territorial waters

when they were attacked by German war-craft and sunk. At the island of Kjerring-øen, outside of Gothenburg, the other ships were attacked. A third ship was damaged. Two others escaped damage and returned to Gothenburg. The damaged ship and an undamaged one were reported to have been towed by the Germans over to Jutland in Denmark.

A few days later it was reported from London that two of the fleeing ships had arrived safely at an English port. This was verified by a subsequent telegram from Stockholm. The two ships which the Germans sank were the 12,000 ton tanker, *Skytteren*, and the 6,000 ton tanker, *Buccaneer*, both of Oslo. The passengers and crews on these ships were saved and put on board the German war-ships. The fate of the other two ships is unknown.

During the time the ten ships were at anchor in Gothenburg harbor, the Quisling puppet government made a demand for them. When the masters refused to comply with Quisling's demand, the arch traitor started legal proceedings in the Swedish courts and won, but the case was appealed, and the lower court's judgment was set aside by the Swedish Supreme Court.

FROM LONDON IT WAS REPORTED on the last day of April that a German radio announced the killing of eighteen Norwegians in reprisal for the killing of two German security policemen on April 26 on an island off the west coast of Norway. The radio said the assailants of the German police were Norwegians "who illegally left Norway some time ago for England where they were schooled by the British secret service."

They were said to have returned to Norway supplied with explosives and other sabotage weapons. After the two German police were killed, the Norwegians attempted to return to England in a fishing smack and were captured and brought back. The eighteen victims were

shot by a German firing squad. A Stockholm dispatch received in London quoted Oslo advices as confirming the execution.

The revolt in Norway grows more bitter, more intense with every execution. Every loyal Norwegian today thinks of but one thing: Norway's liberation from German slavery.



ICELAND

THE ALTHING CONVENED for the regular session on February 15 as usual. The main problem which it has to deal with is the ever increasing rise in prices, which could not be solved during the extra session last fall, and which was the reason for the change in the Cabinet last January.

The Budget presented by the Minister of Finances was the highest in the history of Iceland. The income is scheduled to be about 34,000,000 crowns and the expenses about 29,000,000 crowns.

THE TRADE BALANCE for the year 1941 was very favorable. The total imports were 129,600,000 crowns while the total exports amounted to 188,500,000 crowns, or a difference of about 59,000,000 crowns of exports over the imports. At the beginning of 1942 Icelandic properties frozen in Great Britain amounted to between 150,000,000 crowns and 160,000,000 crowns.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS took place in Iceland in the latter part of January, with the exception of the Capital, where the elections were postponed until the end of February because of a printers' strike.

As a whole there were not any conspicuous changes in the proportion of the political parties with the exception of Reykjavik where the Communists gained three new seats in addition to the single one they had had before. There are fifteen seats altogether in the municipal

council and the Independence Party was able to maintain its majority by getting eight seats.

UNFORTUNATELY THERE HAVE BEEN a few incidents of violence committed by the American troops stationed in Iceland, and recently a serious accident happened. An Icelander, who with a friend was driving in a car through a part of Reykjavik where the troops are staying, was shot from behind by an American soldier. The Icelander had been stopped twice by sentries and had just been given to understand for the second time that he was permitted to pass, when the accident happened. Icelanders, of course, never carry any arms so it is obvious that such a drastic method as shooting a man from behind was unnecessary even if disobedience had been shown. This is the third time that American soldiers have killed Icelandic citizens, since the troops arrived in Iceland.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS has decided to erect a building in Reykjavik for \$150,000 to be a recreation center for the American troops now in Iceland. In this building there will be a restaurant, card-playing room, music room, billiard and bowling rooms, etc. It is believed that the building will be presented as a gift to the Icelandic authorities when the war is over.



SWEDEN

KING GUSTAF V OF Sweden was successfully operated on for an internal cyst at the Red Cross Hospital in Stockholm, on March 9. The very next day the aged monarch was able to sit up in a chair for a short while. The Stockholm newspaper, *Svenska Morgonbladet*, summed up the nation's feelings in an editorial, which said in part: "During the dark, strained years since the fall

of 1939, it has often been said and rightly so that the King is one of our greatest assets. This is true by virtue of his long experience, his intimate knowledge of men and conditions, and his sure-footed political tact and wisdom. Moreover, he is unrivalled as a token of unity. In the course of the years he has obtained a conspicuous place in the hearts of his people. He has become a symbol of simple execution of duty, sober patriotism, national unity, and a will to weather the crisis with our freedom and independence intact."

To the joy and relief of every Swede, King Gustaf improved, not only normally but, considering his age, very rapidly, and on Sunday evening, March 29, almost the entire Swedish nation sat before radios and heard the voice of their beloved monarch thank them for their expressions of sympathy, loyalty, and devotion during his illness. Speaking from his study in Drottningholm Palace, to which he had gone for his convalescence, King Gustaf said that he had received so many flowers, letters, telegrams, and other messages that it was impossible to thank each sender individually. "Therefore I want to thank you now," he said. "I am deeply touched. With the greatest joy and gratification I shall always recall these touching proofs of your love and loyalty." Among the messages received by the King was one from President Roosevelt and one from King George and Queen Elizabeth of England, expressing their joy at his improvement and their hope for his speedy recovery.

King Gustaf returned to his duties on April 18. He motored from Drottningholm to Stockholm where he presided at a council of his Ministers. On April 28 His Majesty re-entered a tennis court for the first time since his operation. He practised for ten minutes. Afterwards he told attendants, "You see, it wasn't so serious." On April 30 the King, who will be eighty-four years old in June, played tennis for a whole hour.

THE SWEDISH NATION, through public meetings, the pulpit, and the press, took cognizance on April 9 of the second anniversary of the German invasion of Denmark and Norway. Condemnation of the German rule in both countries was expressed, one newspaper terming the day "the blackest date in the history of the North." A significant indication of the reaction of the Swedish public to events in Norway was shown in Stockholm on the evening of April 8 at a meeting of the Conservative Youth Party. A woman Nazi sympathizer interrupted a debate on "The Future of Freedom" by rising and saying that the National Socialists fought for the freedom of the North. The audience shouted her down with cries of "Norway! Norway!"

The Social Democratic organization of Stockholm the same evening adopted a resolution saying in part: "We express solidarity with our Northern brother nations who are now forced to maintain a hard struggle for national freedom and the preservation of democracy. We particularly feel our affinity with the Norwegian men and women who, while suffering wicked persecution, also undergo an ordeal to preserve their patriotic, democratic spirit."

While the flag on the Royal Norwegian Legation in Stockholm flew at half-staff, a commemorative service was held in the Engelbrekt Church on the Ninth, attended by numerous Norwegians and representatives of the United States, Great Britain, and other Allied legations. The sermon was preached by Bishop John Cullberg of Västerås. At a memorial service for fallen Norwegians, held in Gothenburg Cathedral the same evening, Dean Olle Nystedt said: "It is impossible in the North to regiment a nation as a boy regiments his tin soldiers. The people of Scandinavia have much that is dearer to them than life. Norway shows how true this is. Such a nation may, perhaps, be exterminated, but it refuses to let itself be remoulded at will. Christendom

in all Scandinavia is faithfully united in the resolve to protect what must not be surrendered because 'we ought to obey God rather than men.'"

Svenska Morgonbladet said in an editorial on the Ninth: "It is no exaggeration to say that April 9 finds but one desire in Swedish hearts: That the North will again be free when next April 9 comes. . . . How can Quisling imagine he can possibly carry out a plan for popular education, diametrically opposed to Norwegian tradition and Norwegian will, by dismissal of Church leaders and educators, and by threats? Quisling does not understand the fallacy of Nazi propaganda which supposes that Northern social institutions and the Northern spirit can be dictated from outside the country. They belong to our national mode of life, and any effort to break them off violently shows profound ignorance mingled with desperation."

Upsala Nya Tidning editorially touched upon the situation in Denmark and said on the same day that, however conspicuous the differences between them, the Danish and Norwegian people at the present time have more of a common bond than ever before. "Both fight with all their strength for their national existence, their independence, and their culture," the editorial said, adding, "and if the struggle in Denmark is less desperate than in Norway, it is not less intense. The Danish people are not treated as drastically as the Norwegians, but the continuous pressure on them is as strong, and the strain has been enormous."

A week earlier *Dagens Nyheter* in an editorial headed "The Disaster Month" called attention to April 9, 1940. It said in part: "So long as the present regime is maintained in Norway, the present attitude of the Norwegians will continue. We Swedes know the Norwegians better than do other people, and do not conceal that we understand their feelings. We ourselves would act with the same spirit and be animated by the same resolve.

For us, too, April 9 is a day of disaster—the worst in Scandinavian history.”

A NEWLY ELECTRIFIED stretch of rail line between Långsele and Boden in northern Sweden was opened by Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf. Sweden now has the longest continuous electrified rail line in the world, running between Trälleborg, in the extreme south, and Riksgränsen, on the Swedish-Norwegian border, 150 miles north of the Arctic Circle. The distance is 2,022 kilometers, or about 1,252 English miles. In addition to saving large quantities of imported coal, electrification has reduced transport times by about one-third and has increased capacity accordingly. Only Italy has a greater mileage of electrified rail line.

THE NEW FIVE-YEAR DEFENSE plan, calling for annual expenditures of 755,000,000 kronor, was laid before the Riksdag on April 9 by Defense Minister Per Edvin Sköld. The bill supersedes one calling for a yearly expenditure of 147,000,000 kronor under a ten-year defense plan adopted by Sweden in 1936, which, with amendments, was in force when Sweden entered the period of the Second World War in 1939. While the 1936 plan allotted 55 percent of the annual expenditure to the army, 27 percent to the navy, and 18 percent to the air force, recognition of the increasing part the airplane is playing in modern war is evident in the bill just introduced. This allots 45 percent of the annual cost to the army; the navy gets 19 percent, while the allocation to the air force is doubled, i.e., 36 percent. The special commission which drafted the new five-year defense plan in January of this year, recommended larger tanks for the army, together with heavier artillery, increased numbers of anti-tank units, and transformation of four infantry and cavalry regiments into bicycle and mechanized units. The navy was to be enlarged by construction of new 1,800 ton destroyers; new and larger torpedo

boats, and a third 7,000 ton cruiser in addition to two voted in 1940. Gothenburg was to receive a permanent naval base and a coast artillery regiment, and the air force was to be increased by six to a total of sixteen wings. Beyond these proposals, three additional infantry regiments will be changed over to bicycle regiments, and the old Wendes Artillery Regiment will be mechanized, thereby increasing army mobility, Minister Sköld said. While desiring to add a seventh additional fighter wing to the air force, the Defense Minister said he doubted the possibility of training the personnel during the five-year period. However, an airdrome to house the future wing will be built. The third 7,000 ton cruiser cannot be built during the five years, Minister Sköld said, but the funds for this will be used to provide two additional destroyers of the modified *Göteborg* type. After five years, further construction of additional cruisers can be carried out. The two cruisers already voted will be completed before the two new destroyers planned for in the present bill. The naval building program calls for a total expenditure of 182,000,000 kronor during the five-year period, exclusive of the cost of replacing three destroyers lost during an explosion at Hårsfjärden Bay naval base last fall. Swedish rifle clubs will receive extended training, including the use of automatic pistols and submachine guns, and the strength of the Home Guard will be augmented by a maximum of 15,000 men.

Speaking upon the occasion of the launching of the new coastal destroyer *Magne* by Götaaverken at Gothenburg on April 27, Defense Minister Sköld called attention to the fact that this was the third such vessel to be launched for Sweden in April. He said in part: “In strengthening our defenses we must closely watch not only the experiences of the present war but also our own defense problems. Our defenses must be mutually well balanced, making us equally strong

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on land, on sea, and in the air. If we leave weak points, the adversary may break our defense lines just there. All our defense forces must be fired with the spirit of attack. Defensive action is not enough, no matter how skillful. We must be able to hit back. Such offensive spirit is attained only if the personnel of the various defense branches have access to arms and other implements which allow daring operations, and in which the soldiers and sailors have confidence." The *Magne* is a sister ship of the *Mjölner* and the *Molde* which were launched April 9 and 11 respectively. Each carries three 10.5 centimeter guns; three 53 centimeter torpedo tubes; anti-aircraft guns, mine-laying equipment, and depth charges.

THE SWEDISH RED CROSS announced on April 17 that the relief ship *Hallaren*, which had sailed from Gothenburg under safe conduct to carry supplies from Sweden, Portugal, and Turkey for relief of starving civilians in Greece, reached Piraeus on April 15. The Swedish ship *Sicilia*, which sailed from New York late in March with supplies for Greece, arrived in Piraeus April 16.

TRAVELLING UNDER SAFE CONDUCT from all belligerents, the Swedish American liner *Drottningholm*, under charter to the United States Government, sailed from Gothenburg early Sunday morning, April 19, with 154 passengers aboard, and arrived in New York Friday afternoon May 1. The ship was under command of Captain Sigfrid Ericsson, her old commander, and in addition carried a Royal Swedish Navy control officer. She was chartered by the United States to engage in an exchange of Axis diplomats and consular officials in the United States, for American officials held in Europe. With the word "Diplomat" painted on her sides in thirteen-foot letters, in addition to eighteen blue-and-yellow Swedish flags painted on her sides, upper works, and stern, the *Drottningholm* had installed

forty new searchlights to illumine the markings at night.

WITH THE RECENT DEATH OF LUDVIG NORDSTRÖM, Sweden lost one of her most robust and picturesque writers. Prolific, original, and versatile, Nordström's enormous literary output included novels, plays, biographies and travelogues, as well as volumes of poems and essays. Born in 1882, in Härnösand, in northern Sweden, he remained throughout his life, despite many and extended foreign travels, not only Swedish in heart and soul, but a dyed-in-the-wool product of Norrland. He early invented the name of Öbacka—a little town close to the Arctic Circle. Under the magic of his pen, Öbacka became a place well worth a visit. The people to whom he introduced the reader were frequently cut on a bizarre pattern, but they were positive figures, casting solid shadows against the eternal snow of the Northland. They had a character all their own, and they were indelibly Swedish. After many thick volumes that seemed to appear regularly at least one a year, Nordström at last returned to Öbacka, where he always moved with complete assurance, if not with grace. In his youth he was a contributor to several Swedish newspapers, which undoubtedly explains much of the flair of his style, his keen insight, and his power of description and characterization. He was also an accomplished artist, who illustrated many of his own books. His color, too, had conviction and gusto.

THE COFFEE RATION, which had been eight and one half ounces per adult per month, was reduced on January 19 to eight and one half ounces for the following three month period. On the other hand, instead of cutting out the ration entirely for the summer months, as first planned, each adult was allowed eight and one half ounces from April 13 to September 30.



DENMARK

WITH GROWING STUBBORNNESS the people of Denmark have passed through the long winter in an inexhaustible effort of passive resistance against the German oppressors. No other weapon was left them when the Germans took control a little more than two years ago. But during that period of time, the Danes have sharpened this weapon with great care. They have learned all the tricks of united passive resistance against an overwhelmingly powerful adversary. Day by day, German nerves are getting more and more frayed by the increasing fear of the invisible and invincible enemy.

The Danes are now waging a war of nerves which has been mounting steadily during the past two years. It is possibly one of the most nerve-racking and exasperating features of the whole war in the European theater. Not that the lot of the persecuted, fighting Norwegians, the Serbs, and the Greeks is an enviable one—far from it. But they at least can fight their battles openly in the full glory of blood, sweat, and tears. This the Danes can not do as yet. One mistake, one trespass across that invisible border line between active and passive resistance, and a German concentration camp is awaiting them.

In this fight the Danes soon learned to use the so-called "cold shoulder" which has annoyed the Germans no end. The Germans feel as if they were non-existent as far as the Danes are concerned. "These terrible, frigid people who obey and obey, but never see you." But not only that—the Danes have a very special and to many outsiders unpleasant kind of humor, *Galgenhumør*. Literally translated it means gallows-humor, and could be defined as the ability to laugh and joke and ridicule your enemy, even when he is leading you to the gallows to be hanged by the neck until you are dead.

The Danes have known for centuries that if there is one thing the Germans do not understand it is that kind of humor. It is part and parcel of the Danish national character, and probably a small people's best protection against a physically superior but spiritually inferior enemy. It is the "Now you see it, and now you don't" that irks and irritates the Germans. It makes them feel even more stupid than they really are. And not knowing what it is all about, they are unable to guard themselves against it. It's in the corner of the eyes—and then again it isn't. It's in the smallest twist of a lip—and then it isn't. But it drives the thick-skulled, slow-witted Germans to the point of exasperation. Strong censorship rules the press and radio, but, nevertheless, here and there and all the time ridicule of the Germans shines through. It springs from the very soul of the people; it is in the farm hand and the delivery boy and the well-dressed lady who graciously refuses the seat offered her in a street car by a German officer. "No thank you, not from you—one of our benefactors, who work so hard for our protection!" Always polite—always obeying orders—but never really cooperating. That's the hospitable Dane of present day Denmark.

A short while ago a news reel showing Hitler's departure from Berlin by special plane was shown in a movie house in Copenhagen. Suddenly, when the door of the plane was seen to close, a voice came out of the darkness that concealed the audience: "Remember me to Hess!" Immediately the lights were turned on by order of the local Gestapo agent. The people were ordered to leave the theater and told that they could get their money back at the box office. But on their way out not one asked for a refund. Instead they all told the girl at the window that it had been a wonderful show. And so the stories go.

THE DANISH PREMIER, THORVALD STAUNING, died in a Copenhagen hospital, Sunday, May 3. He had been ill for some time and a fall the foregoing Thursday proved too much for his constitution: Thorvald Stauning was a politician who rose from leadership of a cigar workers' union to serve as Prime Minister of the Danish Government for almost two decades, including the two years under German occupation. He was born on October 26, 1873, in Copenhagen, as the son of a wheelwright in very modest circumstances. At the age of twenty-three Stauning be-

came president of the Danish cigar workers' union and from there he rose to the leading political post of his country. He enjoyed great popularity, and his red viking beard became almost a banner and a symbol for the Danish Social Democrats. There was fire and power in the man, and he no doubt contributed greatly to the enactment of many valuable social reforms.

During the first stages of the occupation, Stauning was regarded as one of the strongest anti-collaborationists in the

Government. Later, however, after the entry of Erik Scavenius as Minister of Foreign Affairs, Stauning, who like Mar-

shal Petain was a very old man—not in years, but in lessened powers—was swayed by opportunistic elements towards more complacent collaboration with his country's enemies. Before he died, many of his former supporters had left him, and he had lost considerably in popularity.

King Christian is reported to have appointed the Social Democratic Minister of Finance Vilhelm Buhl to be Stauning's successor as Prime Minister.



Th. Stauning
Late Prime Minister of Denmark

The new Premier is said to be a very strong man whom it will be difficult to sway into any high degree of collaboration. But it is impossible from the outside to make any statements as to the possible developments that may or may not occur as a result of this sudden change of leadership in Danish politics.

There is, to be sure, a block of a few opportunists within the Danish Government and people in high positions who believe in a German victory and who see

their own personal advantage in full-fledged cooperation with the Germans. But it is not too much to say that ninety-nine percent of the Danish people—and here we hope to be justified in including Prime Minister Buhl—are absolutely against the Germans and their New Order. The one percent includes that small band of outright traitors who once gathered around the Fritz Clausen Swastika, but who now have been scattered in a number of rival groups—presumably by a sort of spontaneous combustion.

AMONG LEADERS OF THE RESISTANCE should be mentioned such men as Dr. Vilhelm La Cour, Pastor Kaj Munk, Hartvig Frisch, former member of the Danish Rigsdag, Hal Koch, professor of Theology at Copenhagen University, Christmas Möller, the former chairman of the Conservative Party, Arne Sørensen, editor of several publications, and a host of Danish newspaper men and women besides students at the two Universities, in Copenhagen and Aarhus, who since the occupation have taken a very active part in the work for national awakening and unity.

At the beginning of March it was reported from Copenhagen that Dr. La Cour—in spite of German promises not to interfere with Denmark's internal affairs—had been arrested by the Gestapo and confined in the German-occupied wing of West Prison outside of Copenhagen.

What happened was this. Dr. La Cour had written and published several illuminating articles on Denmark's national traditions and on the effects of the German occupation—on how best to resist Germanization. All of his pamphlets were confiscated immediately upon publication. "Words to us today" was based on the German philosopher Fichte's protest against Napoleon, when the French troops were marching in the streets of Berlin. "About saying Yes or No" was an admonition to the Danes to take a stronger

stand against their enemies. Both were printed by the young publisher, Arne Sørensen. He and La Cour were both arrested and sent to jail for "having written and published material detrimental to Denmark's peaceful foreign relations."

On February 20 two plain clothes Gestapo agents came to arrest Dr. La Cour at his home. But he was not there. When Thune Jacobsen, the Danish Minister of Justice, heard about this attempt by the Germans to arrest a Danish subject in Denmark, he immediately had a Danish arrest order issued against Dr. La Cour, who in turn was taken into custody by the Danish police. But the Gestapo demanded the extradition of the prisoner, and on February 24, Dr. La Cour was taken before the German court in Copenhagen. The Germans denied him due process of law and refused him a Danish lawyer. He was confined in West Prison.

Later dispatches, however, tell that when the Minister of Justice and a few of his colleagues made an issue of it, and threatened wholesale resignations, Dr. La Cour was again handed over to the Danish authorities. No doubt, Dr. La Cour will get a severe punishment. But it is a matter of great importance in principle whether he is punished by the Germans or by the Danes. A German court martial against a Danish subject would have set a very dangerous precedent and would have been far worse in opening a wedge for absolute arbitrary rule.

THE END OF FEBRUARY kept the Germans on the run in Denmark. In spite of the strong cold, the heavy snow, and many other troubles, they took time off to have Aage Schoch, editor of the Copenhagen newspaper *Nationaltidende* dismissed from his post. Mr. Schoch had permitted the publication of an article entitled "The Impotence of the Tyrant" written by one of his assistant editors, K. Gjesing Pedersen. The theme was taken from the slaughter of the children in Bethlehem as told in the Gospel ac-

cording to St. Matthew. K. Gjering Pedersen wrote of the horror we felt as children when we heard the story. He said: "Thus the Tyrant will act when he feels that his power is slipping. Nothing is too low for him as long as he thinks he has a chance to preserve his power. That is the curse which clings to the lust for power, when the master only wants to rule for the sake of power, and not for the good of the people." And he continued: "It is not for us to know where the limit is set for this barbarous cruelty, or how long we must wait before the cup is full. But we know that there is a limit—and we know that the Lord will draw the line."

Not even a sermon on the Bible is any longer permissible reading in Denmark.

As a final example let us mention the confiscation of Kaj Munk's latest drama, *Niels Ebbesen*, about the Danish national hero of that name whose deed is described by Professor Winther in his article "Once More Day" in this number of the REVIEW.

It is easy to understand that such literature is not exactly encouraging reading for the German Commander in Chief—our present Count Gert. But it is interesting to note that the novel *King Valdemar* by Thit Jensen was never banned by the Germans, although it was published shortly after the invasion and deals with exactly the same theme from a strong anti-German viewpoint. The increased severity of their attitude would seem to indicate that the Germans are getting more and more jittery about the situation in Denmark, and it is certain beyond any doubt, that their dream of making themselves *systematisch beliebt* has met with complete failure.

An ever growing number of people are sentenced to prison terms, and so overcrowded are the prisons that a man has to be on the waiting list for a long time before he can serve his term. But there are some whom the Germans have been able to give a resting place for the duration. Six hundred and thirty Danes have been arrested and interned in a concen-

tration camp at Horserød—under Danish management. The prisoners are writers and Communists who were too dangerous for the German New Order.

KING CHRISTIAN HAS been the one man in whom the people have had confidence throughout the hardships of the occupation. Time and again the people have given expression to their absolute loyalty and devotion to him. It was therefore with great sorrow that Danes all over the world heard of His Majesty's recent illness, caused by the constant strain of having the Germans in the country. King Christian, like his people, has always been a master of dry sarcasm, and it is often recalled how the King on many occasions has made good use of this gift when confronted by high-ranking German officers. When the German commander, von Kaupisch complained of the "cold shoulder" movement and said how incomprehensible the Danish attitude was, in view of the scrupulous politeness of the "guests," the King answered with that little twinkle in his eyes, "Your Excellency, guests are generally *invited*." According to late reports from Copenhagen via Stockholm, King Christian is now fully recovered and has again taken over the reins of government which had been left in the hands of the popular Crown Prince Frederik during his father's illness.

THE MOST IMPORTANT RESULT of the war in Russia was the Anti-Comintern Pact which the Danish Foreign Minister Erik Scavenius signed in Berlin late last November. Politically it had the effect in Denmark that the collaborationists finally had made a clear stand. Among the people in general all anti-Communist feeling disappeared like dew before the sun. The Danes well realize that Germany is foe number one and will stay so forever, and everybody has sided with Russia. This sentiment has been followed by a growing coolness towards the Finns. The very men who

worked to get volunteers for Finland during the Winter War are now the keenest to sabotage the Nazi recruiting. In spite of all pressure and advertising, not more than 3000 have enrolled in the Free Corps. Of these one-third are Germans from South Jutland. A late report received from a well-informed source states that the majority of the Danish volunteers are either psychopaths or ex-convicts who will not be missed in Denmark.

The volunteers are being annoyed in every possible way when they come home on leave from the front. In one train the conductor slipped the sign "Dog's Compartment" over the door to the car occupied by the volunteers. In the schools their children are ostracized. The Germans finally demanded enactment of a law for the protection of the volunteers and their relatives. They got a law. The volunteers are no longer permitted to wear their uniforms when home on leave, so as not to enrage the Danish population.

IN THE JEWISH QUESTION nothing definite has happened and no earnest attempt has been made of late to introduce German anti-Jewish laws. It is believed that the Danish Government will make this particular question the one where it will draw the line. It has already taken the stand that a Jewish question does not exist in Denmark. The University of Copenhagen celebrated the Georg Brandes centennial and has lately engaged a new Jewish professor, thereby rousing the fury of the German Minister von Renthe Finck.

ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE has come the growing threat of vermin and a declining health standard. Rats and fleas multiply when cleanliness is not observed, and the lack of hot water and soap besides overcrowded apartments have resulted in more filth and more vermin than anybody had ever thought possible in Danish cities. Many people with houses outside of

Copenhagen were forced to move to town during the worst part of the winter, as it was impossible to obtain fuel of any kind in sufficient quantity.

As an extra addition to the burden of the occupation, the Germans during the winter brought lice to Denmark from the occupied parts of Poland and western Russia. As a direct result, several cases of spotted fever were reported. The lice have no respect for cleanliness. They are strictly impartial and attack rich and poor alike. They even travel on the Germans. Delousing establishments have been introduced in several towns, and all school children must undergo that process.

SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA

Swedish Friends of Norway

The sympathy of Swedes for their Norwegian kinsmen and their desire to help Norway in the struggle against a cruel oppressor have crystallized in a Swedish-American Association which it is hoped will be nation-wide. The initiative was taken by Mr. Tage Palm, of New York, and the immediate objective is to collect \$300,000 for the purchase of *matériel* for Wings for Norway in Toronto.

The poet Carl Sandburg is honorary president of the association, and initiated the campaign with a radio speech in which he urged his fellow Americans of Swedish descent to contribute. The plan, he said, was "partly a token and sign of our feeling and equally is meant as a practical contribution to Norway, one of the twenty-six United Nations. These Norwegian youths in Canada have nearly all of them made a dangerous journey across the North Sea to Britain and then across the Atlantic. Or by the long, winding route across Asia and the Pacific. They have the deathless hate of free men for despots. They want to fly, they want to fight. If we give them transport and weapons, they will show the world a saga of valor and endurance. Their immedi-

ate needs are planes for training them to fly and to fight."

Elsa Brändström Ulich, whose work for war sufferers is well known, has already begun a tour of the country to speak for the cause. The plan carries the endorsement of Donald M. Nelson, chairman in the War Production Board who, by the way, owns to a few drops of Swedish blood in his ancestry.

The legal formalities in the way of collecting money for the armed forces of a foreign power have been surmounted by an arrangement according to which the funds will go through the hands of the Lease-Lend Administration which will apply them to the purchase of planes for Little Norway.

Norwegian Rallies on April Ninth

The second anniversary of the invasion of Norway was commemorated by a great Rally in Carnegie Hall at which Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Märtha were present. An elaborate program was presented which aimed at once to give glimpses of the old free Norway and its great men and also to describe the invasion and Norwegian resistance.

In the first part of the program called "Progressive Norway," the main speakers were Dr. Karl Evang and Fru Sigrid Undset. The invasion was described by officers of the army and navy; other activities of the Government in Exile, of the "home front," and of the merchant marine were briefly touched on in speeches and interviews.

Finally, in the last part of the program, Dr. T. F. Gullixson, President of Lutheran Seminary in St. Paul, spoke in behalf of America and its citizens of Norwegian descent. Minister Morgenstjerne in burning words voiced the grief and indignation that drew all Norwegians together on this anniversary as well as the hope that unites them. In conclusion the Crown Prince in a few words expressed his pleasure in the successful evening and paid a tribute to the United States whose

guests the Norwegians are at present.

The Rally in Carnegie Hall was held Saturday, April 11. On the anniversary itself, April 9, the Seamen's Church in Brooklyn held a commemoration service at which Minister Morgenstjerne also spoke. Among other speakers was President Carl J. Hambro.

A rally in the Lyceum Theater in Minneapolis was especially notable. The main speaker was Commodore Per Askim who commanded the Norwegian sea forces at Narvik. He was introduced by Theodor Broch, Mayor of Narvik.

Danes Remember April Ninth

Danes in New York this year as last chose to commemorate the invasion of their country with a divine service. It was held this time in the large Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas on Fifth Avenue, and every seat was taken. The pastor of the church, Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo, who is himself of Dutch parentage, welcomed the assembly. Rev. J. W. Moldenhawer, Danish born pastor of the First Presbyterian Church where Danes have often met on solemn occasions, expressed his confidence in Danish youth. He did not feel, as many do, that the Nazi indoctrination would corrupt the young people exposed to it. On the contrary, he said, the hatred inspired by the actions of the Germans in occupied countries would be the best antidote to their doctrines.

Consul General Georg Bech spoke of the thousand-year-old struggle between Danes and Germans. As a hopeful sign, he mentioned that in ten centuries, for all the superior might of the Germans, the language border had advanced only twenty miles to the northward. Pastor A. Th. Dorf also stressed the historical development, and called attention to the staunch resistance for over half a century of the South Jutlanders who after fifty-five years of German dominion returned to Denmark more Danish than when they had left it.

In Chicago Ruth Bryan Rohde was the main speaker and voiced her firm belief that Denmark would be free again. About two thousand people were present in Lane Auditorium.

Danes at Little Norway

There has long been a fair sprinkling of Danes in the Norwegian flying camp at Toronto, young men who are anxious to help defeat the oppressors of Denmark and Norway. At a lunch in New York recently the singer Mr. Lauritz Melchior handed a representative of Little Norway a cheque for \$3,360 as a present from Danes living here to be applied particularly to the needs of the Danish flyers.

Sonja Henie's Contribution

At the conclusion of the Rally in Carnegie Hall April 11, Major Sigurd J. Arnesen, chairman of the evening, read a telegram from Sonja Henie in which she offered to defray all the expenses of the evening, thus enabling the committee to give the gross receipts to Norwegian Relief and Wings for Norway. On other occasions too Miss Henie has given generously to the cause of the land of her birth.

Nordmanns-Forbundet Finds New Home

Among the institutions that have been closed by the Germans in Norway is the world organization of people of Norwegian race known as Nordmanns-Forbundet. The association has always had its largest membership among Americans of Norwegian descent, and it was natural that a new central for its work should be created here. Its president is the Honorable Carl J. Hambro, who lives at Princeton and has set up offices for the association there. Its magazine, *Nordmanns-Forbundet* began monthly publication in January with Mr. Hambro as Editor. It can be ordered from 65 Stockton Street, Princeton.

"Old Swedes"

The charming old Gloria Dei Church in Philadelphia, built in 1699, has been declared by President Roosevelt to be national historic property. Since neither the Dutch nor the Finns left any similar memorial, this is the oldest in the State, though the Swedish church in Wilmington, Delaware, is still older.

Gloria Dei contains some remarkable mementoes of early times. Plans now call for the restoration of the church and the building of a parsonage to be a copy of the original one, besides a parish house in the same style.

Crown Princess Märtha Christens Ship

The second "liberty ship" was launched at the Bethlehem-Fairfield Shipyard in Baltimore April 10 and, as a gesture of good will to Norway, was given the name *St. Olaf*. Crown Princess Märtha officiated at the christening, and Minister Morgenstjerne expressed his appreciation of the honor shown his countrymen in naming the vessel after the Norwegian king and saint. Many Norwegians were present at the ceremony.

Seventy Years Young

The seventieth birthday of Karin Michaelis, the Danish author, was celebrated by a gathering of her friends in the Stockholm Restaurant in New York, March 20. With Mr. Julian C. Levi, the architect, as toastmaster, many short speeches were made and many telegrams read from friends unable to be present. It was an international gathering, for Mme. Michaelis has lived in or visited most of the countries of Europe, and it became more a tribute to a friend than to a famous author. While she still possessed her home in Denmark, she received and helped a great many refugees, helped them not only in practical ways, but by the warmth and cheer of her welcome. To many she has come to embody all the kindness and hospitality of Denmark.

Honoring The Svedberg

The American Society of Swedish Engineers in New York this year awarded its John Ericsson medal to Professor The Svedberg of Sweden. The medal, which is in gold, is awarded every other year and was first given to Professor Svante Arrhenius in 1926. The Svedberg has been several times in this country, last as one of the lecturers sponsored by the American-Scandinavian Foundation in the Tercentenary year 1938. He is a Nobel Prize winner.

Dr. Eide Parr Director

Dr. Albert Eide Parr, who has been appointed Director of the American Museum of Natural History to succeed Roy Chapman Andrews, is a native of Bergen, Norway, and was assistant in Zoology at the Bergen Museum when only nineteen. He is now forty-one, and has been for the last fifteen years at Yale where he has directed the Peabody Museum of Natural History.

At the Colleges and Universities

St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota, has added to its growing complex of buildings a magnificent new library. Built of the local gray limestone, at a cost of \$311,000, it harmonizes with the other new buildings on the campus. The name will probably commemorate the author O. E. Rölvaag, whose name will always be linked with that of St. Olaf College.

Sigrid Undset received an honorary degree as Doctor of Humanities from Rollins College in Winter Park, Florida, on the fifty-seventh anniversary of the founding of the college, last February 23. The president of the college is Dr. Hamilton Holt, a Trustee of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

Luther College in Decorah, Iowa, had a visit from Dr. Halvdan Koht, Foreign

Minister of Norway at the time of the invasion. In his lecture at the college, March 20, he spoke of the now famous nightly visit of the German Minister with his ultimatum as "the hardest hour of my life." Dr. Koht has also been giving a series of lectures at the University of Wisconsin.

Dana College in Blair, Nebraska, was host to the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study the first week-end in May.

Professor Einar Haugen, head of the Scandinavian department at the University of Wisconsin, has been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in order to write a book about the linguistic development of Norwegian groups in America. The transition from Norwegian to English offers many curious phenomena which Professor Haugen has made the object of study during his incumbency at Wisconsin.

Upsala College in East Orange, New Jersey, has made an arrangement with the Newark College of Engineering by which students of engineering may take their first two years at Upsala and complete their course at Newark. This is in response to the demand of the administration for more engineers, a demand which is met in part by transferring students from liberal arts colleges to engineering colleges.

The Upsala College *a cappella* choir under the direction of Miss Gladys Grindeland has completed a tour of the New England States ending with a concert in the Gustavus Adolphus Church in New York on April 17. The soloist with the choir was Mr. Samuel Youngquist.

North Park College in Chicago has continued this academic year its Tuesday evening series of nine notable events, beginning January 20 and ending March 17. Musical evenings alternate with lectures, and season tickets are sold at a nominal cost.

THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

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Trustees' Meeting

The Spring Meeting of the Trustees of the Foundation was held at the Harvard Club, New York, on May 2. Among those who attended were Trustees from Delaware, Florida, and Massachusetts and the following guests: Minister Thor Thors and Consul General Agnar Klemens Jonsen of Iceland; Consul General Georg Bech of Denmark; Mr. Herman T. Asche, President of the New York Chapter.

In introducing Dr. Harold C. Urey, recently elected Trustee, the President expressed the satisfaction of the Board in welcoming as a member, for the first time, a former Fellow of the Foundation.

Fellows of the Foundation

Dr. Ewert Åberg, Fellow from Sweden, who has been studying agriculture at Iowa State College, will spend the summer as the guest of the Telluride Association at Cornell University.

Mr. Lars Christian Bratt, Honorary Fellow from Sweden for the study of paper chemistry, has spent the past two months visiting pulp and paper plants in the South.

Mr. and Mrs. Tell Dahllöf, Fellows from Sweden, were happy to welcome their daughter, Eva, aged two and one-

half, who arrived on the *Drottningholm* on May 2, travelling alone.

Mr. Axel Ekwall, Fellow from Sweden, has spent the past two months visiting pulp and paper industries in New York and New England.

Mr. Georg Frostenson, Fellow from Sweden, who was appointed in 1940 but was unable to secure passage earlier, arrived on the *Drottningholm* on May 2. Mr. Frostenson will study agricultural marketing at Cornell University.

Dr. Per Hedenius, Fellow from Sweden, with his wife, a daughter of the Honorable C. J. Hambro, and their infant son, returned to Sweden by way of England in March. During his stay in the United States Dr. Hedenius, who is a specialist in blood transfusion, blood chemistry, and heparin, visited the most important research institutions in his field in the East and Middle West. At the request of Dr. Alf Gundersen of the Gundersen Clinic in La Crosse, Wisconsin, Dr. Hedenius addressed a meeting of the Medical Society held there on February 12.

Mr. Erik Sand, Honorary Fellow from Norway, who joined the Royal Norwegian Air Force in Canada last year, won his wings on April 10.

Mr. Åke Sandler, Fellow from Sweden, who is studying international relations at the University of Southern California, returned to the United States by way of Rio de Janeiro in March. Mr. Sandler, who is a son of former Foreign Minister Rickard Sandler, has contributed an article to this number.

Mr. Per Stensland, Fellow from Sweden, has been appointed to the staff of the Adult Education Workshop at Mills College, Oakland, California, for the summer. Mr. Stensland has contributed a leading article to this number.

Dr. Albin Widén, Fellow from Sweden, has been appointed director of a Swedish information bureau opened recently in Minneapolis.

Icelandic Students

Mr. Benjamin Eiriksson, Honorary Fellow, arrived in New York from Reykjavik on February 11. Mr. Eiriksson, who is a graduate of Uppsala University in Slavonic languages and of the University of Stockholm in economics, is now taking post-graduate work in economics at the University of Minnesota.

Miss Selma Jonsson, Junior Scholar, arrived in New York from Reykjavik on March 28 and has gone to Berkeley where she will major in fine arts at the University of California.

Mr. Stefan Juliusson, Honorary Fellow, has been awarded a scholarship at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, for the coming academic year.

Dr. Fridgeir Olason, Honorary Fellow, now engaged in research at the New York Hospital, has been awarded a fellowship by the Commonwealth Fund to study public health at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee.

Mr. August Sveinbjörnsson, Junior Scholar, who is majoring in biochemistry and agricultural bacteriology at the University of Wisconsin, has been awarded a scholarship by the University.

Mr. Thorvaldur Thorarinnsson, Honorary Fellow, who took his Master's

degree in international law at Cornell University this spring, has been awarded a fellowship by the Social Science Research Council.

Mr. Hilmar Kristjonsson, Honorary Fellow of the Foundation from Iceland, arrived in New York on May 1. Mr. Kristjonsson, who is a graduate of the University of Iceland in economics, will study mechanical engineering at the University of California, Berkeley.

Former Fellows

Mr. Christian B. Anfinsen, Fellow of the Foundation to Denmark 1939-40 for the study of chemistry, was married on November 29, 1941, to Miss Florence Kenenger, daughter of Mrs. Bernice Kenenger of Newburgh, N.Y. Mr. Anfinsen is at present on the staff in the Department of Biochemistry at Harvard University Medical School.

Mr. W. Phillips Davison, Fellow to Sweden 1939-40 for the study of history, was married on September 19, 1941 to Miss Catharine Watters, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Sydney Watters of White Plains, N.Y. Mr. Davison is now on the staff of the Department of Justice, Washington, D.C.

Dr. Per K. Frolich, Fellow of the Foundation from Norway for the study of chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1922-23, has been elected president of the American Chemical Society for 1943. Dr. Frolich, now director of the Chemical Division of the Esso Laboratories of the Standard Oil Development Company at Elizabeth, New Jersey, is well known for his work in the development of synthetic rubber.

Dr. Cyrus Gordon, Fellow of the Foundation to Sweden in 1939 for the study of glyptic art, and now on the staff of the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton University, has recently published a volume entitled *The Living Past* (John Day). It is an archeological study of the land of the Bible, of interest equally to

scholars and laymen, and has been described as "a scholarly book that does not achieve popularity at the expense of scientific truth."

Mr. Harold E. Johnson, Fellow of the Foundation to Denmark 1939-40 for the study of musicology, was married on February 7, 1942, to Miss Alice Troutt, daughter of Mrs. Elijah Cross Troutt of Birds, Illinois. Mr. Johnson, who has been working in the Music Division of the Library of Congress, resigned in March to enter the United States Coast Guard. In addition to his work at the Library of Congress Mr. Johnson has edited a volume entitled *Concert Life in New York* (Putnam, 1941), a collection of critical reviews and articles by Richard Aldrich, for many years music critic of the *New York Times*.

Danish Archeologist to Lecture

Professor Harald Ingholt of the University of Copenhagen and the American University at Beirut, Syria, Leach Fellow of the Foundation to Princeton 1921-22, has accepted the invitation of the Committee on the History of Religion to prepare for delivery before American academic audiences a series of popular illustrated lectures on the religion of Syria as it affects the religious development of the ancient Near East in general and the Old Testament and the period of nascent Christianity in particular. The series is entitled "The Religion of Ancient Syria in the Light of Recent Archeological Research"; the lectures are six in number and may be had either separately or as a series. Dr. Ingholt offers also two general topics: "Denmark under German Occupation" and "Events and Persons of the Bible in the Light of Recent Excavations in the Near East."

Dr. Ingholt's lectures are being arranged by the Institute of International Education, 2 West 45th Street, New York City, and all inquiries should be directed to that address.

American-Scandinavian Forum

The American-Scandinavian Forum (Cambridge Chapter) held a successful Danish evening on February 27. Mr. Per Sørensen, former Fellow of the Foundation from Denmark, spoke on "The Modern Danish Drama." Mr. Einar Hansen, first violinist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was guest artist.

On April 24 the Norwegian Consul, Mr. Bjarne Ursin, spoke on the work being done in Boston for Norwegian seamen. The guest artist was Miss Ann Mathea, soprano.

Augustana Chapter

Mr. John Hansen, president of the Danish Brotherhood of America and of the National American Denmark Association, was the speaker at a Danish evening held by the Augustana Chapter in the Denkmann Lecture Hall on April 1. Mr. Hansen also showed several reels of motion pictures in color, taken by himself on his last visit to Denmark.

California Chapter

Professor Eric C. Bellquist of the University of California was the speaker at the December meeting of the California Chapter. Professor Bellquist gave an excellent analysis of the position of the various Scandinavian countries in the present war. Mr. John Hillstrom sang a group of Scandinavian songs.

The annual meeting for 1942 was held at the International House on January 28. The following officers were elected: President, Dean Charles B. Lipman; Vice Presidents, Mr. S. C. Roinestad, Mrs. Esther Berglof, and Mr. Nils Hertz; Treasurer, Dr. Jens Nyholm; Secretary, Mr. Olof Lundberg; Member-at-Large on the Executive Committee, Mr. Eric H. Frisell. Like all the previous meetings, this was a dinner meeting. Professor Archer Taylor, eminent American authority on Germanic folk lore, spoke on

the subject, "The Folk Lore of Scandinavia."

Gift to the Library

Through the kind offices of Mrs. Adèle Heilborn, Secretary of the Sweden-America Foundation, the Library of the Foundation has recently been presented with a set of the new illustrated history of Swedish culture *Svenska Folket Genom Tiderna* by the publishers Tidskriftsförlaget Allhem A.-B. of Malmö. These handsomely bound and beautifully illustrated volumes, which are reviewed by Dr. Helge Kökeritz elsewhere in this issue, are indeed a valuable addition to our Library. The officers and staff are extremely grateful to friends of the Foundation who add to our collection of books on the Scandinavian countries.

Chicago Chapter

The Chicago Chapter had two most enjoyable meetings in March. Mrs. Aase Gruda Skard, daughter of Norway's former Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Halvdan Koht, was the guest of honor at a tea given at the headquarters at 86 East Randolph Street on March 11th. Mrs. Louis Anderson and Mrs. Reimund Baumann, wife of the Consul General of Denmark, presided at the tea table. Professor Jacob A. O. Larsen of the University of Chicago introduced Mrs. Skard, who spoke to the members and guests on the effect of the war on children, as she had observed it amongst the Norwegian children brought to Sweden after the invasion. She illustrated her talk with the experiences of her own small twin daughters, who went through the harrowing experience of bombardment while being evacuated from Trondheim to the Gudbrandsdal. The Skards were finally reunited in Sweden and departed together from there for the United States, where they arrived in December 1940.

On March 25 the Chicago Chapter and the American Daughters of Sweden gave a joint tea at the Arts Club in honor of Mrs. Alva Myrdal of Stockholm. Mrs.

Myrdal, who was introduced by Consul Gösta Oldenburg of Sweden, spoke of the present Scandinavian dilemma and of the need for a unified policy for the Scandinavian countries after the present war. Already plans and opinions are maturing for mobility between the countries, for common foreign policy and tariff regulations. The task of the Scandinavian Americans, she stressed, may be to help bridge differences in Europe after the war and to promote the unified program of reconstruction, which is even now developing.

General arrangements for this large gathering, which filled both dining rooms of the Arts Club, were in charge of Mrs. George E. Q. Johnson, President of the American Daughters of Sweden, and Mrs. Helen Nelson Englund, Director of Activities for the Chicago Chapter of the Foundation.

Dana College Chapter

On the evening of May 1, the Dana College Chapter entertained the members of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study, which held its thirty-first annual meeting at Dana College on May 1 and 2. The program included pipe organ selections by Professor J. W. Link, songs by the Dana College Choir, and the presentation in Danish of scenes from Kaj Munk's *Ordet* under the direction of Professor Paul C. Nyholm.

Minnesota Chapter

On March 27 Mrs. Alva Myrdal, distinguished Swedish sociologist, who returned recently to the United States from Sweden, addressed the Minnesota Chapter on "Scandinavian Unity and Post-War Reconstruction." The lecture, which was held at the Swedish Institute, was most enthusiastically received and Mr. Walfrid Peterson, Secretary of the Chapter, reports so large an attendance that it was necessary to install a loud speaker for those who could not be seated in the auditorium.

New York Chapter

The New York Chapter held its annual spring party at the Stockholm Restaurant on April 10. During the dinner, which was held in the rooms of the Swedish Engineers' Club, the guests were entertained by Mr. Arvid Franzen, accordionist. The dinner was followed by dancing.

On May 22 the Social Committee of the New York Chapter arranged a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goddard Leach. Chapter Associates also visited the library of the Foundation and

met Fellows and former Fellows of the Foundation on this occasion.

Princeton Club

Dr. Bjarne Braatøy, head of the Public Relations Department of the Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission of New York, addressed the American-Scandinavian Club of Princeton on March 11. Dr. Braatøy's lecture, entitled "A Norwegian Considers Post-War Reconstruction," was followed by a lively discussion. In the absence of the President, Professor H. S. Taylor, Dr. Cyrus Gordon presided.



All My Born Days. Experiences of a Naval Intelligence Officer in Europe. By John A. Gade. With Five Illustrations. Scribner's. 1942. Price \$3.50.

In *All My Born Days* John A. Gade has written a fascinating autobiography. A descendant of the old Norwegian Gade family, with an American mother, John Gade, although born in America, was brought up in Norway and the description of the happy boyhood days will give a nostalgic thrill to all Norwegian readers. The book depicts an enviable and eventful life, and is full of delightful anecdotes, from study years abroad and in this country, from college experiences and those of an architect, to the thrilling situations encountered by the author as United States Naval Intelligence Officer. Through his position as American Naval Attaché in the most varied capitals of Europe and his personal friendship with the rulers and leaders of the countries to which he was accredited, Captain Gade is able to give a vivid picture of diplomatic life in Europe. Particularly significant are the passages relating to the granting of Finland's independence after the last war and King Leopold's explanation of Belgium's rôle in this war. *All My Born Days* should be read by all who are interested in what goes on behind the scenes, for the book contains hitherto unpublished documents of great importance.

It is significant that Captain Gade has dedicated his autobiography to his "American children with the hope that they may never forget their Norwegian traditions and forbears." It is evident from the way he dwells on his youth in Norway that those years left a deep impression on him.

After his boyhood years in Norway, Captain Gade was sent to schools in France and Germany, finishing his studies finally at the Harvard School of Architecture. After graduation he accepted an instructorship at Harvard in Greek and Roman architecture, which he subsequently renounced to seek out a career as architect in New York. He started work as assistant in the famous firm of McKim, Mead and White, and later branched out for himself, designing country and city houses as well as several churches and the Rochester Memorial Art Gallery.

When the war broke out in 1914, Captain Gade's Norwegian blood began to stir within him, and after a couple of years of anxious wondering as to where his duty lay, he joined Herbert Hoover in the latter's magnificent undertaking of feeding and helping the occupied countries of Europe. Then, as now, people were starving under German occupation. It is a grim tale Gade tells of Belgium during the last war, of the suffering of the people and their faithfulness to the Allied cause. His whole-hearted admiration for Hoover, his tribute to the work accomplished by this great humanitarian, not only in saving people's lives but in keeping up their spirit of resistance and thereby helping the Allies win the last war, should be carefully considered by those who hesitate to relieve the people starving, now, under German occupation.

In 1917, when the United States declared war on Germany, Captain Gade took up more active service, and his first post was that of Naval Attaché to Norway and Denmark. At that time Copenhagen was one of the centers of international espionage and the stories Captain Gade tells of experiences there would make a breath-taking movie. From Copenhagen he was sent to Finland and the Baltic States, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, and later, after a few years spent in international banking, he returned to diplomatic service in Holland, Belgium, and Portugal. Everywhere he met and made friends with the leaders—kings, queens, and princes, or famous politicians and prelates, and everywhere the charm



A vivid picture of European personalities and events during and between the two World Wars

All My Born Days

Experiences of a Naval Intelligence
Officer in Europe by

JOHN A. GADE

U. S. N., RET.

From his first trip to Belgium with the Commission for Relief in 1916 until the fall of Belgium in 1940 Capt. Gade was almost continuously in the forefront of history-making events in western Europe. This is his autobiography, a richly varied and absorbing record of a life packed with interest for every reader. *Illustrated.* \$3.50

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of his personality would seem to have given special flavor to official recognition. Touching is his meeting with the Dowager Empress of Russia, pathetically inquiring about the fate of her son, the late Czar. His luncheon with King Haakon of Norway, his talks with King Albert and Cardinal Mercier, his appreciations of his colleagues, all have a very personal and intimate quality which makes the book particularly readable.

One of the most important contributions, however, according to this reviewer's mind, is Captain Gade's description of how Finland became an independent state. While the story shows what one man can accomplish when he espouses a just cause and when luck is with him, it would seem to be, nevertheless, a most damning document in regard to modern political methods.

In 1920 Captain Gade was sent to Finland with two other American officers and a report was made on the condition of the country. Greatly impressed by the straightforward way in which the Finns answered every question, and having been witness to the admirable spirit of that gallant people, Captain Gade felt that if any country ever deserved independence it was Finland. As President Wilson was slated to champion Finland's cause at the Peace Conference, Gade, on his arrival in Paris, was anxious to see the President and place the report before him. Accordingly he asked for an appointment. Days passed in

which Gade was promised an audience which never materialized. Finally, the day before Finland's fate was to come up for discussion, Colonel House informed Captain Gade that President Wilson was too ill to see him, but that it did not matter, since the case "would be taken care of at the meeting anyway."

Captain Gade writes: "Good God, I thought, here is the fate of three million brave and trusting people in the hands of a sick man who knows nothing about them."

Like a savior, however, appeared an old friend of Gade's, former British Minister in Stockholm, Sir Esme Howard, who happened to pass by as Gade, utterly discouraged and sick at heart, was wondering what on earth could be done to save Finland. How Gade poured out his troubles, and how, at the eleventh hour, Balfour arranged to speak for Finland in place of Wilson, and how Gade received from Balfour's secretary the laconic telegram: "Acknowledgment of Finland's independence recommended by England, agreed upon by the Allies," is a story that should be read in detail.

The most noteworthy chapter in the book, or at least the one of greatest current interest, is that dealing with Captain Gade's last interview with King Leopold of Belgium, and the entries in his diary at the time of the Germans' march into Belgium in 1940. Several extracts from his diary are printed, as well as a letter which King Leopold sent to the Pope

before surrendering to the Germans. This letter explains the situation in full and shows that under the circumstances there was nothing for the King to do but to capitulate. The whole chapter should be read as it constitutes a vindication of the King who, to quote Captain Gade, "had performed his whole duty towards his country, his Army, and his Allies or *pays garants* (guarantor nations) and who in this hour of his life, almost as bitter as the one when he had picked the lifeless body of his beloved wife up from the Swiss roadside, was termed a traitor by France, was denounced by his own Council of Ministers, and saw his name struck from the rolls of the Legion of Honor. Seldom has greater injustice been meted out to any man, prince or pauper."

At the very end of Captain Gade's book, as appendix, there is a hitherto unpublished document on the last days of the Imperial Russian family. It makes one's blood run cold.

CATHERINE GROTH SPARROW

Mrs. Sparrow is an American of Norwegian parentage, who has lived many years in Paris, and formerly did newspaper work there.

Svenska folket genom tiderna. Vårt lands kulturhistoria i skildringar och bilder. Redigerad av Ewert Wrangelt, Arvid Gierow, Bror Olsson. Malmö: Tidskriftsförlaget Allhem, 1938-1940.

Erik Gustaf Geijer has characterized the history of the Swedish people as the history of its kings. His words, now virtually an adage, still hold good if applied to Sweden's political history. But a people like the Swedish, with a free and independent development from time immemorial, has besides another history of equal significance and interest, one that cannot be compressed into such a narrow formula: the rise and growth of its specific culture and civilization, the gradual evolution of its social structure from the primitiveness of the Stone Age to the complexity of modern life, from ancient tribal loyalty to present-day national solidarity. All this has not been accomplished by a select few, nor by one class only. Every individual has contributed his or her share, every group its collective effort. The man who shaped the first flint axe or began to melt the iron ore, the first translator of the Bible, champions of social justice and security, those who banished illiteracy from Sweden by passing the public-school law of 1842, capital and labor, they have all helped to make Sweden what she is today.

Strange to say, the cultural history of Sweden has long been neglected by scholars and textbook writers. Recent years have, however, witnessed a considerable improvement in this respect. The rich material accessible in Swedish museums, archives, and libraries is being increasingly utilized for important research projects, and many brilliant contributions to the historical study of contemporary Swedish

civilization and culture have already appeared.

A clear manifestation of this growing interest in the cultural history of Sweden is the publication, between 1938 and 1940, of *Svenska folket genom tiderna*, under the joint editorship of Ewert Wrangelt (†), Arvid Gierow, and Bror Olsson. About a hundred specialists in various fields have been entrusted with the task of depicting, in a popular form, the life of the Swedish people through the ages, at work and play, in times of peace and war, at home and overseas (including the emigration to America). The result has been a splendid work in thirteen volumes, each of more than 400 pages, and with thousands of beautiful illustrations in black and white or color. The publishers, Tidskriftsförlaget Allhem, Malmö, deserve the highest praise for their readiness to present the reading public with a work of such breadth, variety, and quality. *Svenska folket genom tiderna* should be on the shelves of every public library in this country, and every Swedish-American who still cherishes the memory of the old country but is, perhaps, unable to say why, should familiarize himself with the fascinating contents of its volumes. He will then realize that the Sweden of his dreams is something else and something more than the red little cottage among birches, that it is, in fact, a vigorous modern nation, mindful of its traditions and of its responsibilities, and imbued with an indomitable spirit of cooperation and solidarity.

HELGE KÖKERITZ

Helge Kökeritz is visiting professor at the University of Minnesota.

Denmark in Nazi Chains. By Paul Palmér. Illustrated. London: Lindsay Drummond. Price 4 shillings.

This little book is one in the series on countries occupied or invaded by the Germans. It was preceded by *Norway Revolts Against the Nazis* by Jac. S. Worm-Müller, reviewed in an earlier number, and by similar volumes on Holland and Poland.

Paul Palmér was London correspondent of the Conservative paper *Berlingske Tidende*. He knows his own country thoroughly and is able to read between the lines of the scanty news that trickles through from Denmark. He contends that Denmark offered armed resistance to a far greater degree than commonly supposed and that the Germans suffered losses by no means negligible. At Bredevad and Tønder a total of 500 men stood up against 80,000 Germans until the order came to cease firing.

The greater part of the book, however, is devoted to the passive resistance in Denmark and to a description of the methods by which the Germans have plundered that once happy and prosperous country. Finally, there is a part devoted to the fight of Free Denmark. It is the first time that all these facts have been gathered and published in book form.

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